FLAMMA
SINE
Fumo:
OR,
POEMS
WITHOUT
FICTIONS.

Hereunto are annexed the *Causes*, *Symptoms*, or *Signes* of several *Diseases* with their *Cures*, and also the diversity of *Urines*, with their *Causes* in Poetick measure.

X

Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo;
Μεταβολὴ πάντων γλυκύ.

By R. W.

LONDON,
Printed for *William Lee* at the Crown in *Fleet-street* between the two Temple-gates 1662

To the Honorable Colonel,

Sr. *HERBERT PRISE* Knight,

The ſtaffe of his Family, and the honor of his Countrey; the Author wiſheth augmentation of happineſſe in this life, and perfection of glory in the life to come.

SIR,

IN preſenting this ſlender Work to your excellent judgment, I do, but τὸ φῶς ἡλίῳ δαυίζειν, *lend light unto the Sun, or adde a diſh of water to the Sea. You are your ſelf a walking Library, and I believe, in theſe dayes you ſtudy men more than Books: Nevertheleſſe, preſuming upon your Noble mind, and diſpoſition, I have adventured to ſhelter theſe few lines under your name, as being my Guardian, or tutelary Angel: You muſt not expect ſo much profit from barren, as from fertile grounds, neither do common fields produce ſuch pleaſant flowers, as curious Gardens. I am one of the meaneſt of your ſervants, and you muſt conſider rather the affection of the workman, than the perfection of the Work. Although rich men brought their gold.*

purple, and silk to the building of the Temple, yet the poorer sort brought but Goats hair; the abundance of the heart excused the poverty of the hand: And I am glad to produce something which may testifie my zeal to piety, and my affection to loyalty. All candles are not of the same proportion, neither do they give an equal light, yet it is no wisdom to hide the least candle under a bushel, for the least candle may be commodious for little roomes, though not so convenient for spacious Hals: I have no delicacies for a dainty, or wanton stomack; but a brown loaf may be as wholsome, though not so delicate as White bread; and water for some bodies is more convenient, than wine: This Work is plain, and short: like a little cup, it will hardly give you your mornings draught; I desire you to accept of it, as it is, and me, as I am

Your Honors most

devoted Servant

ROWLAND WATKYNS.

TO THE

Reader.

I Am not Eagle ey'd to face the Sun,
My mind is low, and so my Verse doth run.
I do not write of Stars to make men wonder.
Or Planets how remote they move asunder.
My shallow River thou may'st foord with ease,
Ways, which are fair, and plain can nere displease.

R. W.

Concerning God and Christ.

Verius cogitatur, quàm dicitur, & verius est, quàm cogitatur.

PResumptuous man Gods Essence would define,
Were he to reason subject, or to time:
Angels in part may apprehend his nature,
To comprehend him lies not in any creature:
It is an easier labour to impart
What thou art not, (O Lord) than what thou art.
No matter, form, or composition can
Be found in God, as in a mortal man.
He cannot be deceiv'd, he cannot lye,
He cannot sin commit, he cannot dye.
God may be angry with mans sinful way,
And yet no passion doth his nature sway.
His Center's every where: no humane sense,
Or place can limit his circumference:
Who can find out one God in persons three?
Or how three persons can one Godhead be?
Or how the holy Father, and the Sonne
Coequal are before all worlds begun,
As Christ is God, a mother he had not,
As he is man, man never him begot.
His Mother was a Virgin, chast, unstain'd;
After Christs birth a Virgin she remain'd.
She had a Son, nor did the Son unty
The sacred bands of her Virginity.
A Virgin, and a Mother; God, and man;
Who these mysterious secrets riddle can?
Approach not (O my soul) too near that light,
Which will obscure, and dull the curious sight,

My ſpeech, and reaſon fails, Ile eaſe my Lute,
Wonder I may, but not of God diſpute :

FAITH.

Fides famem non formidat; Bern.

ALthough I am not pure, or white,
But blacker than the ſhades of night,
Although my ſins in heaps do lye
Like Crimſon red, or ſcarlet dye ;
Yet through the grace of God I know
I ſhall be white, as wooll, or ſnow.
Although my Harp is turn'd to wo,
And I, like Pilgrims, mourning go,
Although I feed on cares, like bread,
And waſh all night with tears my bed,
Yet faith aſſures me, that my God,
Will kiſſe me again, and burn his rod :
Although the Devil doth prepare,
And watch to take me in his ſnare ;
Though like a thief both night, and day
He thinks to ſteal my ſoul away,
Yet like a bird my ſoul ſhall fly
Safe from the fowlers tyranny.
Though friends will not ſupport my need,
But fail me like a broken reed,
Although they love, but while 'tis fair,
And leave me in the troubled air ;
Yet Chriſt my Rock is firme in love,
And nothing can this Rock remove ;
Though corruption is my father,
And although juſt death will gather
My body to the peaceful number
Of thoſe, that in their graves do ſlumber,
Though I am duſt, yet thence ile riſe,
And ſee my Saviour with theſe eyes.

Upon

Upon Christs Nativity or Christmasse.

FRom three dark places Christ came forth this day,
First from his Father's bosome, where he lay
Conceal'd till now; then from the typick Law,
Where we his manhood but by figures saw,
And lastly from his mothers womb he came
To us a perfect God, and perfect man.
Now in a Manger lyes th' eternal Word,
The Word he is, yet can no speech afford.
He is the Bread of life, yet hungry lyes,
The living Fountain, yet for drink he cryes;
He cannot help, or cloath himself at need,
Who did the Lillies cloath, and Ravens feed:
He is the light of lights, yet now doth shroud
His glory with our nature as a cloud:
He came to us a little one, that we
Like little children might in malice be;
Little he is, and wrapt in clouts, lest he
Might strike us dead, if cloath'd with majestie.
Christ had four beds, and those not soft, nor brave,
The Virgins Womb, the Manger, Crosse and Grave;
The Angels sung this day; and so will I,
That have more reason to be glad, than they:

The covetous worldling:

——— Quid non mortalia pectora cogit
Auri sacra fames?

WHy dost thou doat on gold, and deemest grave
A thing not worthy labour, or embrace?

No

No prudent man would blear-ey'd *Leah* wooe,
And with disdain let the fair *Rachel* go:
He is a foolish Merchant, that's more fond
Of glassie Bugles, then a Diamond:
So *Esau* sought for Venson, carnal food,
And lost the blessing, which was far more good:
Thy coffers may be full, but yet this will
Though like a gulfe it sucks in, doth not fill:
Wealth is to thee, like fuel to the fire,
Which doth augment, and kindle more desire:
God hath set bounds unto the Sea, to curb
Her proudest waves, lest they the earth disturb.
But what can limit, what can set a bound
Unto thy wandring thoughts? a little ground
Contains thy body; and when thou art dead,
Thou art contented with a narrow bed:
O pray for Grace, without which all thy store,
Which should enrich thee, will but make thee poore.

The Anabaptist.

Ostende Anabaptistam, & ego ostendam monstrum.

WHat wouldst thou have a King, a Lord a Knight,
A Bishop, Priest are monsters in thy sight;
No Church, nor Altar, and no Law must be
To dictate but thy conscience unto thee.
If thou art displeas'd with Lawes Divine, and Civil,
I know not what will fit thee, but the Devil.

Upon the mournful death of our late Soveraign Lord Charles *the first, King of* England, *&c.*

I Read of a Confessor, and a King,
A King, and Martyr is a stranger thing.

Our

Our *Charles* was both: A King both juſt, and wiſe,
A holy Martyr, and ſweet ſacrifice:
Thieves did conſent to kill the juſt; but why?
When that the Wolf is Judge, the Lamb muſt dye?
He went to *Canaan* for three Kingdoms good,
Through the red-Sea of his own ſacred blood:
Thus *John* the Baptiſt dy'd, that holy one,
Whilſt *Herod* did uſurp King *Davids* throne.
By his beheading it may well be ſed,
Three Kingdoms by injuſtice loſt their head;
If ere I ſhall the ayde of Saints implore,
Thy Shrine alone (good *Charles*) I will adore;
Lord, let my ſoul unto thy Kingdom come,
To ſee King *Charls* crown'd for his Martyrdom.

Gods Mercy.

Nec habet principium, quo inchoatur, nec finem quo terminatur.

THe Sun's within his Tropicks; th' heavens high
Within a ſpan; the clouds included lye
Within the fiſt; the earth that ſpacious creature,
Within a circle is confin'd by Nature.
But (O thou God of Love) to thy rich treaſure
Of endleſſe mercy who can find a meaſure?

Upon the return of our moſt illuſtrious King Charls *the ſecond from* Flanders *to* England.

WElcome bright Starre, the prodrome of the day,
With whom the Sun of glory ſhall diſplay
His golden banners, and reſtore the Light
Of truth eclipſt by an erroneous night:

He liv'd in exile long, and *Flanders* then
Was th' Eagles neast, or the true Lions den:
He past a Sea of troubles; and each wave
Of grief he flatted with a soul more brave.
To meet their King, the people ran so fast,
As if each one disdain'd to be the last.
Such plenteous tears of joy flow'd every where,
That some in *England* did a deluge feare;
They did such piles of wood in *London* burn,
That many thought it would to *Ilion* turn;
Those fires are ended, but the flames of love
Unto our King shall everlasting prove:
Long live King *Charles*, so long, ti'l wise men see
His years as many as his vertues be.
Then he'le outlive old *Nestor*, whose glasse ran
Before 'twas spent through the third age of man.

Upon the Lords Prayer.

Clavis Cæli.

THe sacred Prayer of the eternal Word
Doth greater comfort to my soul afford,
Than all the prayers made by humane Art,
Those I have read, but this I have by heart;
It is my constant prayer; and the best
Like rich perfume to sweeten all the rest.

Winter. *Charitas frigescit.*

SPeak not to me of Frizland, or the cold
And g lid Clymats of the North: I hold
There can no greater frost, or Winter be,
Than a hard heart that's cold in charitie.

O

O shine thou Sun of glory, and impart
Thy gracious heat to thaw my frozen heart.

Upon the Right Honorable the Lord General George Monk, *Duke of* Albemarle: *Qui lumen pietatis, flumen liberalitatis, & fulmen belli.*

HEre is our glorious *Atlas*, who doth bear
Our heaven up, and keep our hearts from fear.
His merit is beyond reward, whose mind
To high attempts by Nature is confin'd;
Some Merchants have by their adventures bold,
Enricht this Land with precious pearl, and gold,
Yet none but Royal *Monk* could ever bring
So rich a treasure, as our gracious King:
Herculean labours were but twelve: here's one
That hath an hundred labours undergone:
He nere was rash, nor did the hasty hand,
But a wise heart his active sword command;
Judgment, and valour live in him, as fair
Rebecca's sons did in one womb: despair
Could nere attempt him; for his noblest mind
Did soar above the reach of storms, and wind.
This good Centurion doth not love to change
His garment of Religion, nor to range
Through Groves of fancies: he's a fixed star
To beautifie the Church, and seat of war.
He is descended from a Royal line,
Not from the Bramble, but the stately Pine;
The glory of the Wood: his vertues be
The Symptoms of his true Nobilitie.
He is in vertues rich, in merits high,
So let him happy live, so let him die.

Repose

REPENTANCE,

Unicum neceſſarium.

REpentance is the key for rich and poor,
To lock up Hell, and open Heavens door.
When like the Dove, our wandring ſouls have left
The Ark of God; and when we are bereft
Of ſafety and relief; all help is vain,
But by repentance to return again:
One tear for ſin yields to the ſoul relief,
More than a fountain ſhed for worldly grief.
The Vine drops tears, which well the face may cleer,
But never beautifie the ſoul: Repentance here
Muſt be the ſpring, which makes us ſeem ſo bright,
As if we were transfigur'd into light.

WORLDLY WEALTH:

Natura paucis contenta.

WEalth unto every man, I ſee,
Is like the Bark unto the Tree:
Take from the Tree the Bark away,
The naked Tree will ſoon decay.
Lord, make not me too rich, nor make me poor,
To wait at rich mens tables, or their door.

Upon

Upon the Coronation of our Soveraign Lord *CHARLS* by the grace of God King of *England*, *Scotland*, *France* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith.

Aſpice venturo lætentur ut omnia ſæclo.

OUr *Solomon* is crown'd: A Crown will ſhare
Not more of honour to his head, than care.
He wore, as the great King of Heaven would,
A Crown of Thorns, before his Crown of Gold:
Thus children, whom the Lord intends to bleſs,
Go to their *Canaan* through the Wilderneſs.
CHARLS, by the grace of God, (wiſe men foreſee)
Greater than *Charls* the Great, in time ſhall be.
Almoſt to death unhappy *England* bled,
And liv'd a Monſter long without a Head:
The Kingdom ſwallow'd up the Commonwealth,
And *England*, which was ſick, is now in health.
Her Merchants ſhall bring gold, and pearl, and ſpice,
To make this Garden rich as Paradiſe;
And unto *Cæſar*, our moſt gracious King,
Great Nations ſhall their humble Preſents bring.
Kings were neer Fountains crown'd, as Writers ſhow,
Becauſe from them, as from pure Fountains, flow
Our wealth, health, honour: If the Head be ill,
By ſympathy the Body ſuffer will:
We may as well live without air, or fire,
Or bread, and water, which we all require,
As live without a King, becauſe the King
Is like the Sun, which maketh every thing
To grow and flouriſh: He's the Stern to guide
Our wandring ſhips through every wind and tide:

The

The Kings's our Nurſing Father, and the Queen
Our Nurſing Mother; It is always ſeen,
That if the careful Nurſe be ſick or ill,
The Child cannot be well, that ſucks her ſtill.
What doth befall, or what concerns the King,
It ſtreams to us like Rivers from the Spring:
If that the King be glad, 'tis joy to all;
And if he ſtands, the people cannot fall.
God ſave the King, let all the people ſhout,
And give unto his foes a total rout.

Ad verè pium, & reverendiſſimum in Chriſto Patrem, *Gulielmum Lucy*, permiſſione divinâ Epiſcopum *Menevenſem*, nec non Lumen *Walliæ* ſplendidiſſimum.

GRande ſolamen, Decus & ſupremum,
Luce tu mœſtos recreas Britannos,
Advenis nobis bonus, & benigni
Gratior auræ:
Gloriam mundi nimium doloſi
Negligis vanam: meliora ſperans
Vivis & cœli cupidus perennes
Ambis honores:
Heu domum ſacram videas ruentem,
Et lutum erroris populi ſequaces
Inquinat mentes: gravidas labora
Pellere nubes:
Sedulò vulpes capias rapaces,
Et lupos blandis avibus malignos
Diſſipans ſectas graviter profanas
Lumina facie:
Firma ſis veræ fidei columna,
Ni manus nobis dabis adjuvantes.

Quam

Obruet cœcis populum tenebris
Impius error :
Quàm citò mundi fragilis voluptas,
Et viri nomen moritur potentis ?
Eſt tibi virtus melior futuræ
Buccina famæ.

Upon the Right Honorable *JAMES* Duke of *Ormond*, and Earl of *Brecknock*.

HEre is the loſty Pine, which always ſtood
In ſpight of winds, the pride of all the Wood :
He's great by birth, and great by wealth ; but he
Cannot be greater than his merits be :
Though like a mountain his great Fortunes ſwell,
His lowly Mind doth in a valley dwell :
Ambition ſpurs him not ; for he doth move
In th'higheſt orb of Honour, and of Love.
The Learned he prefers ; his Judgment can
Diſtinguiſh well betwixt a Gooſe and Swan :
His word is like the *Perſian* law, moſt free
From various change, or mutability :
He is religious, and doth wiſely mark
The door which leads unto the holy Ark.
Four Rivers ran from Paradiſe : we find
More vertues far ſpring from his noble mind :
He ever ſoar'd with an ambitious wing,
To ſerve his God, his Country, and his King :
His actions are ſo full of life, that they
Cannot neglected in oblivion die :
He is both good, and great ; and ſo may he
Still great in goodneſs, good in greatneſs be.

Sampſon's

Sampſon's Foxes.

SAmſon did tail by tail Wild Foxes bind,
And faſtned Fire-brands to them all behind:
Thus ers Hetick are joyn'd, and go aſtray
Linkt in ſome antick, or prepoſterous way;
They carry fire-brands too, to ſet on fire
The peaceful Kingdom: Let us all deſire
To quench this fire, and theſe wild beaſts to tame,
Elſe they will prove our ruine, and our ſhame.

Upon a fair Gentlewoman, but ill qualified.

THus have I ſeen, thus did I often know
A filthy dunghil overlaid with ſnow.
Here a fair Object ſtands before your eyes,
Whoſe beauty a cold Hermite might ſurpriſe;
She looks like Heaven, where good Angels dwell,
Yet is within as dark, as black as Hell:
Thus many trees appear both ſound, and green,
But at the heart they have been rotten ſeen:
The ſweet compoſure of her face doth ſay,
She is an Angel, which aſſumes our clay;
But ſcan her ways unlawful, and uncivil,
And then you will proclaim her for a Devil:
Fair weather in her lovely face we find,
But clouds of ſin in her deceitful mind.
To make her fair within, good Lord impart
Unto that comely face a gracious heart.

Upon

Upon the Right Honorable *HENRY* Lord *HERBERT*, eldeſt Son and Heir to the Right Honorable *EDWARD* Marqueſs of *Worceſter*.

Eſt pater, & patriæ gloria magna ſuæ.

ASk Fame the truth, and you ſhall fully know
What noble vertues from this fountain flow:
Whoſe precious ſoul is with more ſweetneſs bleſt,
Than the *Arabian Phenix* ſpiced neſt:
His Chriſtian heart, and tongue united be,
And in the ſphere of pious truth agree:
No ſwelling waves of pride, no puffing wind
Diſturb the calmneſs of his peaceful mind:
His honeſt actions from foul rubs are free,
Like *Tempe* that fair field of *Theſſaly*.
The Magnet could not ſhew more conſtancie
Unto the Northern Pole, or Star, than he
Did to our King; He never could abide
Like to a broken bow to ſtart aſide:
His active power, his ever loving heart,
Like old *Barzillai*, took King *Davids* part.
Have you obſerv'd a curious fabrick, high,
Compos'd of free-ſtone, pleaſant to the eye,
And beautified within with works moſt pure
Of gold and ſilver, and rich furniture?
Thus grace, and nature fram'd him, ſo that I
Am much too dull to write his Elogy:
(Lord) from his eyes unhappy feares expell,
His feete from falling keep, his ſoul from hell.

The

The Bible ; *Arbor Vitæ:*

Much books I have peruſ'd, but I proteſt
Of books the ſacred *Bible* is the beſt,
Some books may much of humane Learning boaſt
But here's the Language of the Holy Ghoſt,
Hence we draw living water, here we do
Obſerve the Patriarchs lives, and doctrine too:
Here Chriſt himſelf directs us how to pray,
And to the Gate of Heaven chalks the way.
Here is the ſalve, which gives the blind their ſight,
All darkneſſe to expel, here is the light:
Here is ſtrong meat for men; and milk to feed
The weaker babes, which more perfection need;
Caſt off erroneous pamphlets, wanton rhymes,
All feigned books of love; which cheat the times;
And read this book of life; thoſe ſhall appear
With Chriſt in heaven which are written here.

The Wedding garment.

FAith is the wedding garment, lind within,
With love, without foul ſpots, or ſtaines of ſin
Humility is the moſt decent lace,
And patient hope, which doth this garment grace.
Without this royal robe no gueſt is fit
To ſup, or at the Lords own table ſit.

The true Souldier.

Eſt major, qui ſe, quam qui fortiſſima vincit
Mania ——

HE is a valiant man, and ſouldier brave
Who can his paſſions in ſubjection have.

Thoſe

Thoſe which do conquer towns, ſhall never win
The crown of life, unleſſe they conquer ſin.

Strange Monſters.

OF diverſe monſters I have ſometimes read
Some without feet, and ſome without a head.
No fouler monſters can hot Africk bring,
Than rebels are without their head the King.

Solitarineſſe.

I am become like a Pelicane in the wilderneſs, and like an Owl, that is in the deſart,
I have watched, and am even as it were a ſparrow, that ſitteth alone upon the houſe top:
Pſalm. 102. 6, 7.

THe multitude, like ſome tempeſtuous wind,
Diſturbs the contemplation of the mind:
High meditations do my ſoul poſſeſſe,
Like *John* the Baptiſt's, in a wilderneſſe.
When ſecret fields I tread, I do refuſe
The books of men, and Nature's books peruſe.
The glorious Sun, the Moon, the Stars ſo bright
Are demonſtrations of th' Eternal light.
The Rainbow doth in the dark clouds declare,
How great Gods Judgments, and his mercies are.
Each herb, or flower, each living plant, or tree
Preſent Gods goodneſſe, and his Majeſtie:
I ſee the Lilleys grow, and then admire
Gods wiſdom in their pure, and rich attire;
God feeds the Raven, which not reap, nor ſow,
By theſe Gods gracious providence I know;

When-

When lo the lofty hills I lift mine eyes,
I ſpeak of heaven in ſoliloquies.
The ſtream, whoſe conſtant motion never ſtays.
Argues the ſwift *Proceſſion* of my days:
i travel to my grave, till life is done,
As rivers do unto the Ocean run.
When I behold the Lark't advance her wing,
And to our God a thankful Anthem ſing.
I check my nature, and can do no leſſe
Than tax my ſelf of dull unthankfulneſſe.
Such holy raptures with my ſoul agree,
When in the world *I* from the world am free.
The further I from wordly men remove,
I draw the neerer to the God of Love:

The Virgin *Mary*.

From henceforth all generations ſhall call me bleſſed.

MOſt bleſſed is (thou ſonne of man) the breaſt,
Which thou didſt ſuck, & the chaſt womb is bleſt.
Which bare thee, when thou didſt our nature wed,
No ſinful luſt defil'd thy marriage bed
None was ſo gracious, as the Virgin *Mary*,
Gods holy Temple, and his Sanctuary.
As fathers hold, her bleſſing did conſiſt
More in beleeving, than in bearing Chriſt.

Old age

Delirium naturæ.

VVHen we are young, and do enjoy the ſpring
Of pleaſant youth, we laugh we dance, we ſing

And

And think, old age, which is ſo cold, ſo ſoure,
Will never come to blaſt our youthful flower.
As ſome dark cloud invades the ſky ſo fair,
And by degrees obſcures the cleareſt air.
Old age thus creepeth on; and turnes our light,
Or Summer's day into a winter night.
Our Limmes are turn'd to ice, our hair to ſnow;
Our windows dark and dull, our feet are ſlow;
Our Roſes languiſh, and our Lilleys fade,
Our wine is ſour'd, our pleaſures bitter made.
Joves tree the ſturdy oake, the Cedar tall
In length of time are forc't to ſtoop, and fall.
Remember God, whilſt thou art young, and he
When thou art old, will ſure remember thee:

Upon the golden Grove in the County of Carmarthin, *the habitation of the Right Honorable the Lord* Vauhan, *Earle of* Carbery, *now Lord Preſident of the Marches of* Wales.

IF I might, where I pleas'd, compoſe my neſt,
The golden Grove ſhould be my conſtant reſt.
This curious fabrick might make us believe
That Angels there, or men like Angels live,
I muſt commend the out-ſide; but within
Not to admire, it were almoſt a ſin.
Of fertile ground the large circumference
With admiration may confound the ſenſe;
Which ground, if things were rightly underſtood,
From Paradiſe came tumbling in the Flood,
And there the water left it, therefore we
Find here of pleaſures ſuch varietie.
Wiſe Nature here did ſtrive, and witty Art
To pleaſe the curious eye, and longing heart.
The neighbouring river *Towyd* oth ore flow,
Like pleaſant *Nilus* the rich Meades below. Hence

Hence come great ſtore, and various kind of fiſh
So good, as may enrich the empty diſh.
Fowles thither flock, as if they thought it fit,
They ſhould preſent themſelves unto the ſpit.
Here gardens are compoſ'd, ſo ſweet, ſo fair
With fragrant flowers as do perfume the air.
Hard by a grovedoth ſtand, which doth defeat
Cold winter ſtorms, and the dry Summers heat.
Their merry birds their pleaſant Carols ſing,
Like ſweet Muſicians to the wanton ſpring.
There are parks, orchards, warrens, fiſh-ponds, ſpring:
Each foot of ground ſome curious object brings:
There lives a noble Earl, free, juſt, and wiſe,
In whom the Elixer of perfection lyes.
His heart is good as balſome, pure as gold,
Wiſe, as a Serpent, as a Lion bold:

The righteous is confident as a Lion: Pro. 28.

THe guilty conſcience feares, when there's no fear,
And thinks, that every buſh containes a beare;
When none perſues, the wicked flyes, and ſtill
Diſtractions alter his confuſed will:
The righteous man ſits in his peaceful chair
Secure from fears, and free from black diſpair.
His reſolution like a Virgin pure
He keeps unſpotted, and can well endure
The burden of affliction: for the croſſe
Makes trial, whether he be gold or droſſe.
The righteous shelter'd under heavens wing
Like the three children in the fire may ſing.
For God will broach the rocks, and Manna rain
He'le bring the quailes together to ſuſtain
His choſen people: Lions hunger may,
And want; but he that treads a vertuous way,

Sall

Shall never feare a famine: God is able
In the wild desarts to prepare a table.
The Devil will destroy, the flesh infect,
The world deceive, unlesse that God protect.

Upon the Right Honourable Lady, the Lady, **Mary Beauchamp** *of Edington, in the County of Wilts:*

Romana vivit clarior Ilia.

A Dwarfe may on a giant look; and I
May speak of her, whose merits are so high.
Count all the various flowers of May; declare,
Of stars what number by creation are.
This may be sooner done, than you can tell
What sacred vertues in this Temple dwell.
Would you find bounty? or do you desire
To see Religion in his best attire.
Would you know meeknesse, charity and love,
Which are the touchstones, that our faith doth prove,
These vertues are included in her breast,
Like precious Jewels in a golden chest.
Her kinred, neighbors, tenants, and the poor,
Yea, strangers do frequent, and blesse her door.
Twixt her and Saints I do no difference know,
But this, they are above, and she below.
And if all had so pure a mind as she,
Heaven on earth, and earth would heaven be.

Upon the honourable Gentlewoman Mrs. Jane Lane, *who was by Gods providence a moſt happy Inſtrument to convey our Soveraign Lord King* Charles *out of the hands of Rebels from* England *to* Holland.

HAve you obſerv'd the ſun ſometimes to ſhroud
His glorious head, and luſtre in a cloud ?
Thus God was pleaſ'd to hide our gracious King
Under a woman's moſt auſpicious wing.
'Tis ſtrange a woman could ſo ſilent be
In things of moment, and great ſecreſy.
She was the weaker veſſel; God thought fit
To make her weak in ſtrength, but ſtrong in wit.
To ſave her Countrey *Holofernes* head
Brave *Judith* cut off on his wanton bed;
But many traytorous hands did vex thisNation,
Which *Jane* cut off by *Charls* his preſervation.
Let noble Ladies ſing, and Virgins dance
Before this *Judith* our deliverance.
Praiſe God for this High-work, and be content
To honor her, as Gods great inſtrument.
No fading garland of ſweet flowers, or bayes,
Shall crown her head, but everlaſting praiſe.

GRACE. Παντοτλία.

SInne like a gyant doth encounter me,
Nor am I from his proud controulment free:
To kill this great *Goliah*, (gracious King)
Give me thy grace inſtead of *Davids* ſling.

Jordan

Jordan may help, and *Siloam's* poole may cure
Carnal diseases: but thy fountaine pure
Of saving grace, when I do faint, or pine,
Doth heal my soul without fine oyl, or wine;
Grace is the shield of my defence; the light,
Which guides my feet through this dark vale of night.
When friends, and riches leave me, that alone
Conducts me from the grave to heavens throne.
I fear no Devils through Gods grace, nor men,
No fire, oven, nor the Lion's den.

Vpon the Honourable Lady, the Lady Elinor Williams *of Gwernivet, Daughter to the most hospitable, and worthy Gentleman* Eustance Whitney *of* Whitney *Court Esq;*

Tell me no more, what noble Ladies have
Secur'd their names by vertues from the grave.
For if you knew the Lady, you would swear
No other star mov'd in so high a sphear.
Her vertues do like purest fountains flow,
Which no defect, or diminution know;
The number of her years a man may guesse,
But not her vertues; they are numberless:
If there be one, she is the Phenix true,
Who doth her vertues, not her years renue:
When Hereticks did think the Church to smother,
She was to Church-men a kind nursing-mother.
Her lamp did burne, nor could the wicked rout
With all their blasts put her bright candle out.
Her husband was Sr *Henry*, that wise Knight,
Who was our British glory, and our light;
From these two stocks grew branches great and fair,
Which keep the poor from the tempestuous air:

This noble Lady is the onely crown,
Which honour gave, and made our Country known.
To other Ladies she may well dispense
With beames of vertue from her influence.
The goodnesse of her language doth betray
Some Angel dwelt within that house of clay;
Our countrey by her absence, we confesse,
Is worse in comfort, and in honour lesse:

Contentment.

Ex animo rem stare aquum puto, non animum ex re.

SAD discontent like some unwholsom blast
The faireſt blossomes, and best fruit thou hast,
Will soon destroy: Like leaven it will soure
The lump of all thy joyes: No golden shoure
Can help the wounded conscience, and no Art,
But onely grace can cure the cankred heart:
O sweet contentment, from which spring do flow
Pure streames of joy: when I am poor, and low,
Thou make'st me rich; when sick without relief,
Thou art the balsome to expel my grief.
I do not long for Quailes, or dainty fish,
To court my palat with a curious dish.
I am no slave to gold; an empty chest
Disquiets not my conscience, nor my rest:
I am nor puft in mind; ambitious eyes
Looks often higher than their merits rise.
My clothes shall decent be, not gay: I doubt,
That velvet slippers, cannot cure the gout,
Nor can a golden crown the head-ach cure,
Nor purple Robes from Feavers us secure.
I love my freedom: yet strong prison can
Vex but the bad, and not the vertuous man?

Im-

Imprisonment, sickneſſe, perſecution, loſſe,
Are but the chips of Chriſt his ſacred croſſe:
I am content; nor do I greatly care,
Whether the heavens fair, or cloudy are.

I am the true Vine, John. 15. 1.

CHriſt is the fruitful Vine, whereon doth grow
Cluſters of mercies, which no number know.
Hence we receive ſuch active cups of wine
As mortals make immortal, and divine.
The Vine is cut, and prun'd; ſo Chriſt was torne
His hands, and feet with nailes, his head with thorn.
In malice they were ripe, and did not fear
To pierce his ſide with a preſumptious ſpear,
Hence flow'd the Sacraments, as from a ſpring
Of lively waters, ſaving health to bring.

Upon the fair, charitable, and piouſly devoted Gentlewoman Mrs. Mary Jeffreys *the wife of* John Jeffreys *Eſq.*

WOuld you the model of perfection find?
Or take a coppy of a pious mind?
Behold this Lady, where ſuch vertues dwell,
That Phenix-like ſhe hath no parallel.
She hath a dove-like nature, pride, and ſhe
Can never meet, there's ſuch Antipathy.
She's rich in beauty, rich in purſe, and free,
Her riches moſt conſiſt in piety:
When other Ladies ſport, and laugh, and prate,
She with her prayers knocks at heaven's gate:

Upon the Right Honourable John *Lord* Scudamore *Viscount: Slego, qui profunditates pirupictatis ærarium, nec non nobilitatis, Splendor maximus:*
He loveth our Nation, and hath built us a Synagogue, Luk. 7. 5.

CAn I be safe, or from presumption free,
That will attempt to climb so high a tree?
Whose top doth reach to heaven; and hath made
Sad Christians joyful with his pleasant shade.
He is no barren fig-tree which deceives,
And gives instead of fruits, but fading leaves.
Who knows his pious mind, or spirit; knows
A sea of vertues, which nere ebbes, but flows.
Justice, Religion, wisdom in his breast
As in their center fixt, do safely rest.
His noble actions run like purer ore
In a rich veine, and still increase their store.
An ancient Temple ruin'd lay in dust,
And was consumed by times all eating rust
Those heaps of stones he did erect, and raise
Pillars of honor to uphold Gods praise.
If this weak child, my little book should peace,
The stones to speak his worth would never cease.
David was blest, because he thought to build,
Here's one not only thought, but hath fulfil'd.
He did not only this fair building frame,
But with revenues he enricht the same.
He thought it not a blessing, but a curse,
To rob the Church, and so to fill his purse.
The Eagle burnt her nest with that same cole,
Which she had newly from the altar stole.

A stollen sheafe, or sacrilegious meat
Into our wealth will like a canker eat.
He ne're defil'd his heart, nor staind his hands.
With plundred goods, or with ill-gotten lands.
Who writes his charity, and love, must bring
A quil from heaven's winged *Cherubine.*
No wonder then, that this fair *Cedar* stands,
When others are cut down by cruel hands.
Afflictions daunt him not, but make him bold,
He fears no fire, whose mettal is of gold.
God goes before him like a cloud by day,
And fire by night to guid, and guard his way.
Although *Hom-Lacy* may afford him pleasure,
Yet *Abbey* Dowr will bring the richest treasure.
O that my muse could spice his precious fame,
And adde perfume unto his sweeter name.

Ad eundem nobilissimum virum Dominum Scudamore, vice comitem de Slego, tergeminis dignum honoribus.

FErtilis est tellus, quæ dicitur Aurea Vallis,
Sed magis est donis Aurea facta tuis
Saxorum cumulus fuerat, confusaq; moles,
Quæ bene composita est (te renovante) domus
Ornatur variis Ecclesia sancta columnis
Fixa stat in laudes quæq; columna tuas.
Vndiq; conspicuis splendescit plena fenestris,
Et nitet in toto forma decora loco.
Si sileant hominum linguæ, preconia famæ
Cantabit lapidum religiosa cohors
Sed non te stimulat quærendi nominis ardor
Cura tibi est sacri gloria sola Dei
Splendorem (venerande) tuum mea vota sequentur,
Et constans vivo nominis umbra tui:

The Soul.

What will it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Mat. 16. 26.

BRight are the pearls of dew: the golds is pure,
Try'd in the fire, and from all drosse secure.
White is the untoucht snow: the light is fair
Which guilds the day, and clears the cloudy air.
These to the soul compar'd, are dark, and vaine,
Which doth more beauty, sweetnesse, worth containe.

I do respect my garden, and take heed
No poisonous herb may grow, no stinking weed.
I love my actions just, my words compleat,
My body clean, my garment fair and neat;
But yet my chiefest care, and study here,
Is to preserve my soul, and conscience cleere.

I am ambitious of an honest fame,
And to preserve the candour of my name.
My wife and children, and my friend I love,
These are strong tyes, which may affection move.
These are delights, but my delight is most,
To watch my soul, lest that rich pearle be lost.

Lord, let me feed on bread of cares, and fears,
And let me wash my bed with constant tears.
Let me be subject to all storms, and wind,
And for my bed let me a dungeon find.
Do, what thou wilt, (sweet Lord) I'le take it well,
Onely preserve my self from death, and hell.

What

What if I heard the muſick of the ſphears,
And ſweeteſt Anthems to content the ears?
What if I had ſtrong wines, delicious meat,
And all the pleaſures I could taſt or eat?
All this is gall, unleſs the ſoul is free,
Which is more dear than twenty worlds to me.

The Marigold.

Heliotropium, ſive Soliſequium eſt anima mea, quæ ſequitur ſolem Juſtitiæ, non naturæ.

THE loving Marigold his leaves diſplays,
Glad to receive the Sun's all warming rays.
But when the abſent Sun denies relief,
The flower contracted ſeems to dy for grief:
While the bright Sun of glory ſhines on me,
My ſoul is in a joyful extaſy.
But when he hides his gracious face of love,
I cannot truely be, nor live, nor move:

MUSICK.

Non clamans, ſed amans pſallit in aure Dei.

AMphion's muſick was ſo rare,
That with him no man might compare,
And *Orpheus* with his ſilver ſtring
Did ſtones, and trees together bring.
But when I ſigh, or weep, or pray,
I ſweeter muſick make than they.

All things were fram'd by God above,
And all things do in union move.
They ſay no muſick to the ears,
Is like the muſick of the ſphears.

But yet to me it doth appear
No musick's like the conscience cleer.

SINNE.

Τὰ ὀφώνια τῆς ἁμαρτίας θάνατος.

WHat cloud is this, that makes it night,
And robs me of eternal light?
Lord, in this darknesse I can see
No path, which leads my soul to thee.
O Sun of glory make it day.
And chase these clouds of sinne away.

PRAYER.

Vt corpus est mortuum sine anima, sic anima sine oratione.

THe morning is the infancy of day,
Which claims chast thoughts, & cals the heart to pray.
When night puts on her black and dark attire,
Let prayer kindle thee with holy fire.
A faithful prayer pleaseth God: and turns
His wrath to mercy, when his anger burns.
It is a welcome sacrifice to God,
For man a salve, and for the devil a rod;
Without the wings of prayer none can fly
To heavens throne, where pleasures never dy.
Prayer's the Key which opens heaven's door:
From whence all blessings fall on rich and poor.
It is the key, which locks the gates of hell,
Whence evils come, where all discomforts dwell:
In prayer bend thy knees, and heart, for he
Doth make his heart more stiff, that spares his knee:

Who

Who God forgets, and doth neglect to pay,
Is ſtill in travel, never in the way:

A FRIEND.

Rara avis in terris.

WHere ſhall *I* find a friend? *I* may as ſoon
Find out the man which dwelleth in the moon.
The ancient days are paſt: when men did move
Within the ſphear of undeceiving love:
Friendſhip is in theſe days reſpectleſs growne,
Like ſome old matron in a thredbare gown:
There is a fained friendſhip, which doth paſſe
Sometimes for pearle, and is but painted glaſſe.
Some undermine, who ſeem like friends to ſtand,
Theſe have the voice of *Jacob*; *Eſau*'s hand;
Others will ſmooth you with a fair diſcourſe,
And give you talk enough, but keep the purſe
A perfect friend is not in love ſo cold,
That he will loſe his friend to ſave his gold.
Thou art my friend (ſweet Lord) who doſt refreſh
My weary ſoul; *I* truſt no arm of fleſh.

The Saints of God.

Sanctitas nobis non per meritum ſed per gratiam imputatur.

THe neerer we approach to God; the more
Wee find our imperfections, and deplore
Our frail eſtate: our weakneſſ beſt we ſee
In the fair glaſſe of Gods great Majeſty:

The

The ſtars are glorious bodies, and by night
Do guild the world with their reſplendent light.
But they are dull, and never do appear,
When once the ſun ſhines in our *Hemiſphere.*
The Sons of God, the children of the day,
Excell the reſt in beauty: but when they
Behold Gods glory with a ſerious mind,
They nothing in themſelves, but darkneſſe find.
The righteous do condemn themſelves, and ſpy
Beams in their own, not in their brothers eye.
None keeps the paper of his life ſo white,
But he will ſometimes blot, as well as write.
If th' heavens are not cleane, nor Angels pure
In Gods account; who is from ſin ſecure?
Therefore Gods Saints are from preſumption free,
Their faith is cloth'd with works of charity.
Grant me (ſweet Lord) a righteous life, then *I*,
The precious death of thy dear Saints ſhall dy.

Peter's denial.

Angelus cecidit, licet in cælo; Adam cecidit licet in Paradiſo; & Petrus cecidit licet in Scholâ Chriſti.

ART thou the Rock, where Chriſt his Church would build,
Yet when thy maſter fights, thou leav'ſt the field?
No wonder if weak buildings be caſt downe
With boiſtrous winds, when rocks are overthrown;
Where was thy courage, when the Lamb did ſtand
Before the Wolf, left to his furious hand?
Wouldſt hou forſake thy *Saviour*, ſwear and ban,
In all thy life thou never knewſt the man?
Lord, leave me not vnto my ſelf, leſt *I*
Fall from the faith, and thy great name deny.

I hear a warning-peece, the Cock doth crow,
And *Peter* feels his sad condition now:
He doth repent his curses, oaths, and fears,
In the sad language of his flowing tears.
Let not my fountains cease, nor tears be few;
Tears are the Angels joy, and Heavens dew.

Gods Providence:

Deus est in Angelis per gloriam, in Electis per gratiam, in omnibus per providentiam.

THe Lilies do not spend the weary day
In spinning thred to make their clothes more gay:
Yet *Solomon* had no such rich attire,
Whom all the world for glory did admire.
The Ravens have no barn to store their grain,
They do not sow, nor reap with careful pain;
Yet God feeds them. If he the birds do feed,
And clothe the grass, he will sustain my need
With greater love: I never will despair;
When all is spent, God will my stock repair.

Upon the Honorable Colonel Sr *Herbert Prise* Baronet, Master of the Houshold to His Majesty *Charles* the Second.

Est major, quàm cui possit fortuna nocere.

SOme wavering men, like reeds with every wind,
Are shaken to and fro: The various mind
Dislikes no weather; be it foul, or fair,
He hath a cloak fit for the present air:

Such

Sampſon's Riddle; *Out of the ſtrong came ſweet.*

CHriſt was the Lamb, Chriſt was the Lion ſlain,
To ſave our ſouls from everlaſting pain:
From *Judah's* Lion all ſweet pleaſures flow;
No mercies but from him we have, or know.
He was a Lion mighty, ſtrong in pow'r,
Before he could Death, Sathan, Hell devour.

A Dark Lanthorn.

THis Lanthorn is but dull, and dark in ſight,
As if it had not the leaſt ſpark of light;
The light is clos'd within, which none can ſpy
Or well diſcern, unleſs the curious eye:
So good men care not that the world ſhould know
How good they are, by any outward ſhew.
Thus Cabinets appear but mean, and plain,
Yet many times rich pearl and gold contain:
Thus the beſt Wine that ever you can wiſh,
Is often taſted in an earthen diſh.
Some look like holy Temples, when they are
Like graves within defil'd with rotten ware:
Of my weak deeds I will no trumpet ſound;
The heart is humble, where good gifts abound.

Man's Infirmity.

WIſe *Adam* fell in Paradiſe; the good
Angels in Heaven fell, who always ſtood

In

In Gods own presence; Faithful *Peter* fell,
Though in Christs school he was brought up so well;
David committed murther; righteous *Lot*
Defil'd his name with an incestuous blot:
No Oak so strong, no Cedar is so tall,
But shaken with tempestuous wind may fall;
No man so perfect is, so pure a Saint,
But in the battel he may fail and faint,
(If God prevents not:) Man, that's born to sorrow,
May safely stand to day, and fall to morrow.

The Common people.

Neutrum modò, mas modo vulgus.

THe many-headed *Hydra*, or the People, (Steeple:
Now build the Church, then pull down Bells and
To day for learned Bishops, and a King,
They shout with one consent; to morrow sing
A different note: One while the people cry
To Christ *Hosanna*; then him crucifie:
And thus the wavering multitude will be
Constant in nothing but inconstancie:
When these together swarm, the Kingdom fears;
They are as fierce as Tygers, rude as Bears.

The Rock in Horeb.

ONce onely *Moses* with his sacred rod
The Rock in *Horeb* struck, as he by God
Commanded was; then waters gusht and fell
From the hard Rock, as from a running Well.
Lord, thou didst often strike me, never kill;
Thy rod was gentle, *I* am stubborn still:

Soften

Such like the *Cynick* will their tubs remove
From place to place, and ſtill the ſunſhine love.
On theſe unconſtant worldlings I do look,
As on the image in the Prophets book;
The head of gold, of ſilver th'arms and breaſt,
The thighs and belly were of braſs; the reſt
As legs and feet, of iron were, and clay;
The image fell, and moulder'd all away:
So wavering men, who uſe no conſtant Creed
From good to bad, from bad to worſe proceed.
But here is one, who like a Martyr ran,
And held throughout the courſe he firſt began:
No ſtrong temptations, threatning, ſwords or gold,
Could ſtat his reſolution; he ne'r ſold
His love for gain; his heart was firm and ſtable
Unto his King, as th'Anchor to the Cable:
So ſtands the ſtately Pine, which rooted faſt
And deep in earth, diſdains the weaker blaſt.
To make one perfect, Nature never could
Have form'd a man in a more decent mould:
But wiſer men neglect the outward ſhell,
And praiſe his braver ſoul, where vertues dwell:
His ſole ambition, rightly underſtood,
Is only to be known not great, but good:
His actions are ſo juſt, that you'd proteſt
Aſtræa dwelt within his ſacred breaſt.
With unclipt wings let may Ambition fly,
As his deſires are good, his merits high!

GRACE.

Qui quærit, invenit.

MEn dig the bowels of the earth for gold,
And rocks for precious ſtones; and ſome are bold

To

To dive into the ſea for pearl: Few care
To get the pearl of Grace, more rich, more rare.
The Manna, and the Quails were dainty meat,
And as delicious as a man could eat;
But taſte the food of Grace, and thou ſhalt find
It yields a better reliſh to thy mind:
Grace makes the poor man rich, the blinde to ſee,
The ſad man full of joy, the bondman free;
Weak humane thoughts it turns to thoughts divine,
As Chriſt at *Cana* water turn'd to wine;
It ſweetens all conditions, rich and poor,
Like ſome pure incenſe, and preſerves thy ſtore.

A good Report.

Honeſtus rumor optimum eſt patrimonium:
Qui malè facit, malè audit.

DO not neglect the candor of thy Name, (ſame:
Thou ſhouldſt not ſtain thy clothes, much leſs thy
Fine houſes men will build, repair and trim,
And keep them neat without; and fair within;
But little they regard, if by foul ways
They blot their names, and ſlubber o're their days:
Such men in life are odious, and ſhall be
In death a ſcandal to poſterity.
I'll tread a righteous path; a good Report
Makes men live long, although their life is ſhort.

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They shout with one consent; to morrow sing
A different note: One while the people cry
To Christ *Hosanna*; then him crucifie:
And thus the wavering multitude will be
Constant in nothing but inconstancie:
When these together swarm, the Kingdom fears;
They are as fierce as Tygers, rude as Bears.

The Rock in Horeb.

ONce onely *Moses* with his sacred rod
The Rock in *Horeb* struck, as he by God
Commanded was; then waters gusht and fell
From the hard Rock, as from a running Well.
Lord, thou didst often strike me, never kill;
Thy rod was gentle, *I* am stubborn still:

Soften

Soften my ſtony heart, that tears may flow:
None reap in joy, but thoſe in tears that ſow.

The holy Sepulchre.

CHriſt is our Rock, who in a rock is lain,
The leſſer rock the greater doth contain:
Out of a rock they newly hew'd his grave,
The new man Chriſt thus a new tomb muſt have:
No creature might repoſe or lay his head,
Without preſumption, in the Creators bed:
The Lily of the valley, *Sharon's* Roſe,
His fragrant grave in a ſweet garden choſe.
This Rock did ſhelter Chriſt two days; but he
An everlaſting Refuge is to me:
He is the Rock, that doth our ſouls relieve
With water, which doth life eternal give.

The Paſſing-Bell.

THe Paſſing-Bell doth toll; my thred is ſpun,
My candle is burnt out, my hour-glaſs run:
This ſound is doleful, and this muſick's ſad
To thoſe which in the world are rich, and bad;
It is like *David's* muſick, ſweet to me,
Which doth my ſoul from evil ſpirits free:
I end my life, and yet to live begin;
I ſhall in glory live, who liv'd in ſin.

The Spiritual Watchman.

Nulla venit ſine te nox mihi, nulla dies.

WHen private in my bed I take my reſt.
I muſe on all the gifts, wherewith God bleſt,
And made me glad. The thankful man alone
Climbs *Jacobs* ladder, and aſcends Gods throne.
I think on heaven's joys, and do admire
Of Saints, and Angels the harmonious quire:
Sometimes *I* think of hell; where rich men ly
In deadly torments, and yet cannot dy.
My life *I* call to mind; which God hath made
Short like a ſpan, vaine as a dream, or ſhade.
This night may be my laſt, and I may have
My ſheet to be my ſhroud, my bed my grave.
I count paſt ſins, which ſo defile my ſoul,
That on the dunghil *Job* was not ſo foul,
Theſe holy thoughts poſſeſſe my ſerious head,
Til tears run downe, and waſh my careful bed.

LOVE.

Amor eſt complementum legis.

OUr God is love, who doth remain in love
In the ſame ſphear with God himſelf doth move.
All things by perfect nature do agree,
And ſeem to hold a mutual ſympathy:
The heavens to love their inclination ſhow,
Which fairly do embrace this orb below.

The

The fire, the water, earth, and air agree,
And by kind nature intermixed be.
Love doth fulfil the law; love conquers sin,
And makes a man an earthly Cherubin.
Faith, patience, hope, all vertues rightly skand,
Without pure love like barren fig-trees stand.
With perfect love are sweetest graces seen,
Like maids of honor waiting on the Queen.
Love is the wedding-garment; and no guest
Without this robe shall tast the royal feast.
Invest me Lord, with love, make thou me able,
And fit to feast with Angels at thy Table

Upon the Right Worshipful: Sir Henry Lingen *Knight of Stoke in* Herefordshire.

Nulli pietate secundus.

MY trumpet is too dul, and weak to sound
His meritorious praise: as in rich ground,
Most pleasant springs, sweet flowers, and herbs we find,
So vertues are consistent in his mind.
He's constant in the faith, and he doth hate
Old truth with errors to sophisticate.
Such valour he expresst that men should raise
A stately Pyramide t' advance his praise.
His hands were active, and his heart was free
In loyal actions from Apostasy.
He strives not to climb high; a gentle tyde
Thus have I seen within his channel slide,
His actions are so cleer to each mans sight,
As the pure *Topaz*, or the Chrysolite.
All hearts to him, as to their Loadstone move,
For he's the Center of his Countrey's love.

By all his vertuous ways it doth appear,
His ſoul in heaven is, his body here.

The Sluggard.

Otia corrumpunt animum.

WHen God did *Adam* with all pleaſures bleſſe,
He was to labour, and the garden dreſſe.
God made man active, thoſe fair orbs above
Do wheele about, and without ceaſing move.
The running ſtream is ſweet, and can impart
A wholſome draught unto a thirſty heart.
But ſtanding pools more dark and foul appear,
Nor can they be from bad infections cleer;
So labour whets the ſoul, and cleers the mind,
By active fire our mettal is refin'd.
An idle life a ſad condition breeds,
Who ſits, when he ſhould travel, never ſpeeds.
Look how the painful Bee unto her hive
Brings the pure hony, and doth daily thrive.
And the laborious Ant with careful pain
Doth treaſure up in ſummer time her grain.
So ſhe prevents the famine, and doth live
All winter in delight, and never grieve.
The Sluggard foulds his armes, and then doth ſay,
I fear, there is a Lion in the way:
Thus in the end both poverty and ſhame
Conſumes his body, and obſcures his name.
God is a husbandman, he doth require
All men to work, no peny elſe, no hire.

To

To his much Honoured friend Mr. John Williams *the most pious, and learned Minister, and Vicar of* Devynnock, *and* Luel.

IN printed leaves for you I need not look,
I have learnt you by heart without the book.
Had I forgotten you, I had bin rude
And guilty of most base ingratitude:
If I had power equal to my mind,
You should an honest friend, and servant find.
But envious fortune hath so clipt my wing,
That I can nothing but affection bring,
I may more large in lands by fortune prove,
But no condiiton can enlarge my love.
The heavens blest you with a plenteous hand,
That you your friends can help, your foes command.

The Blackamores.

WE many men from *Mauritania* see
To *England* come, as black, as Ravens be;
Into your selves look with a curious eye,
And you shall find you are more black then they.
Then wonder not at them so black in skin
But at your selves so foul, so black by sin.

Peace and Warre.

PEace is like salt which seasons all our meat,
Till envious warre doth poison all we eat.

Ware

war like the horſleech calls for humane blood;
And ruines all things like the unruly flood;
Or raging fire: I do prefer by far
An unjuſt peace before the juſteſt war:
Welcome ſweet peace, which makes all things compleat
And gives us grapes from our own vines to eat.
That land is bleſt, and hath a golden day
Where Drums, and trumpets ceaſe, and Organs play.
Peace breedeth plenty, warre conſumes a nation,
Peace bringeth joy, warre cauſeth Lamentation.
Pray to the God of peace, that we may have
The love, and peace of God unto the grave.

HOPE.

Qui nihil ſperat, deſperet nihil.

I'm black, tis true: but yet no ſad deſpair
Shall me perſwade, that I ſhall nere be fair.
Transform hard ſtones the God of power can,
And make them children unto *Abraham*.
To turn my heart of ſtone, God knows the way,
Into a heart of fleſh without delay:
My ſore diſeaſe is not ſo great, or foul,
That there's no balſome; which can heal my ſoul;
Come true *Samaritan*, come ſacred *Dove*,
And in my ſoul, as in thy Temple move.

To the moſt incomparable, wiſe, and virtuous Lady, the Lady Goditha Priſe, *Lady to the Honourable Colonel, Sir* Herbert Priſe *Knight.*

AS I do live, I wonder how you can
Forget your ſex, and be ſo much a man! In

In wit, and judgment; nay, you are divine
Transcending far our nature masculine.
As you are fair, so you disdain the rude,
And sluttish nature of the multitude.
They say, *Promitheus* stole from heaven fire,
And brought it down weak mortals to inspire;
If it be now on earth, I do protest
That heavenly fire lies in your sacred breast.
Who writes of you, or gives you greatest praise,
To your high worth shall but a molehill raise.

Vpon the same most excellent Lady, the Lady Goditha Prise.

HAve you observ'd a garden fair, and sweet (mee
Where wholsome herbs, and pleasant flowers do
So doth her mind no imperfection know,
Where graces do like grapes in clusters grow:
If you with serious eyes desire to see
The model of most perfect charity.
Or if in earnest you desire to find
Religion seated in a humble mind.
Or would you know, where holy patience dwells,
When grace, and truth all discontent expels;
Then her behold who lives, as if with *John*
She had Christ's sacred bosome lean'd upon.
In tears, and prayers she doth sin bemone
And each day neerer steps to heavens throne.

The mortified Christian.

FRom the worlds deceitful snares am free,
They were but cobwebs, which entangled me,

All worldly mirth is madneſſe; get away
You bad companions, which miſpend the day.
Leave me alone, I ne're am leſſe alone,
Than when in private by my ſelf I mone.
I love no dainties, which procure delight,
Nor curious ſauce to whet the appetite.
Nature is ſpon contented: give me meat,
That I may live, let me not live to eat.
I wear no ſilk, fine linnen, rich attire
To make me proud, or burn with wanton fire;
Rough ſackcloth, or ſome homely weed I love,
Which my poor heart to humble thoughts may move.
I pray in Temples, meadows, woods; each place
Invites my ſoul to call for ſaving grace:
All ſins by conſtant prayer conquer'd be,
So conquer them, elſe they will conquer thee.

The new illiterate Lay-Teachers.

Ἕκας, ἕκας ἔςε βέβηλοι.

WHy trouble you religions ſacred ſtream,
And tear Chriſts coat, which had no rent, or ſeam?
And you do patch it too with ragged clouts
Of falſe opinions, and phantaſtick doubts.
The skilful husbandman muſt till, and ſow,
That grounds ill dreſt, where blind men hold the plough
Now in the Temple every ſaucy Jack
Opens his ſhop, and ſhews his pedlars pack.
Inſtead of candles we enjoy the ſnuff,
For precious balme we have but kitchin-ſtuffe.
The ruder ſort are by theſe teachers led,
Who acrons eat, and might have better bread;
If this a propagation ſhall be found,
Theſe build the houſe, which pull it to the ground;

This is meere Hocus-Pocus; a ſtrange ſlight,
By putting candles out, to gain more light.
Mad men by vertue of this propagation,
Have Bedlum left, and preach't for Reformation.
And they might well turn preachers, for we had
Many that were more fooliſh, and more mad.
The Tinkar being one of excellent mettle,
Begins to ſound his doctrine with his Kettle.
And the laborious ploughman I bewail,
Who now doth threſh the Pulpit with his flail.
The louzy Taylor with his holy thimble
Doth patch a ſermon up moſt quick and nimble.
He doth his skill, and wiſdom much expreſſe,
When with his gooſe he doth the Scripture preſſe.
The Chandler now a man of light we find,
His candle leaves a ſtinking ſnuffe behind.
The Apothecary, who can give a gliſter
Unto a holy brother or a ſiſter;
Hath one dram of the ſpirit, and can pray,
Or preach, and make no ſcruple of his way.
Thus falſe coyn doth for currant money paſſe,
And precious ſtones are valued leſſe than glaſſe.
Not diſputation, but a rigid law
Muſt keep theſe frantick ſectariſts in aw.
The itch of diſputation will break out
Into a ſcab of errour; which without
Some ſpeedy help will ſoon infect and run
Through all the flock, where it hath once begun.
I will take heed in theſe bad times, and care
To ſhut my ſhop, but keep my conſtant ware.
Lord let thy tender vine no longer bleed,
Call home thy ſhepheards which thy lambs may feed:

A Prayer to the Holy Ghoſt.

O Holy Spirit, O moſt ſacred Dove,
Which didſt deſcend upon the Son of Love;
Deſcend upon my ſoul, that I may be
Simple, as Doves without malignity!
O holy Fire, inflame my lukewarm heart,
And better heat of love divine impart!
O holy Fire, O thou Eternal Light,
Expel the clouds of everlaſting night!
O holy Fire, let my ſoul purged be
From all her droſs, as pureſt gold is free!
O holy Fire, diſſolve my heart, like wax,
Which nothing but thy fair impreſſion lacks!
O holy Fire, vouchſafe in me to dwell,
And keep my ſoul from the ſtrange fire of hell!

Antipathy.

I Love him not; but ſhew no reaſon can
Wherefore, but this, *I do not love the man.*

Aſtrology.

To the profound and learned Gentleman, Mr. *Vincent Wing*; *Qui Naturæ Aruſpex intimus, Atlas phyſicus, nec non ſenſus & rationis ſtupendus Arbiter.*

WIſe men believe, inferior bodies move
By diſpenſation from thoſe Orbs above:

Stars do not force, or by compulsion cause
Our Natures to obey their constant laws.
Who serves the God of pow'rs, that made the spheres,
No sad eclipse or constellation fears;
Where vertuous Reason guides not, but the Sense,
There Planets have their greatest influence:
God did the Sun, the Moon, and Stars bestow,
Which do the course of time and seasons shew:
'Gainst *Sisera* in their orders fought the stars,
And helpt Gods people in their prosperous wars.
When Christ himself was born, a star did bring
And guide the wise men to find out their King:
And wise men still in stars a vertue find,
Which is kept secret from the duller mind:
Into brave spirits a pure light descends,
Which heavy darkness never comprehends.
I cannot call the stars by name, nor track
The Sun through twelve signs of the *Zodiack*:
Arcturus with his sons outgo my sense,
So do the *Pleyades* with their influence:
From the Pole-Artick what degrees there be
Unto th'Antartique is unknown to me:
Our *Zenyth* is too high for me to know
What things are there, our *Nadyr* is too low:
I do not understand how Planets move,
And differ in their several Orbs above.
The Circle from the Stars reflexion may
Escape my knowledge call'd the *milky way*:
Such knowledge is too deep; but yet *I* will
Admire the path of that mysterious skill.

Solomon's Memento:

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, Eccles. 12. 1.

DO not misspend thy golden youth, and bring
The dross of thy old age to serve thy King.
Do not neglect the morning of thy days,
And think the evening fit thy God to praise:
God early must be sought; the longer we
Persist in sin, the stronger sin will be:
From vice to vertue turn, from bad to good;
The deeper still he sinks, who stands in mud.
A nail, the further it is driven in,
The harder is drawn out; and so is sin.
None can foretell how long the fatal glass
Shall run, or else how soon the sand will pass.
Delay no time; that man will shrink and fear,
Who lays the burden on old age to bear:
Because the foolish Virgins came too late,
They heaven lost, for Christ had shut the gate.
Should we be old, are we then sure to store
Our souls with grace, which we refus'd before?
Through mire and dirt, who travels all the day,
Will hardly go by night a cleaner way:
The Tenant which neglects th'appointed day,
Forfeit his lease, and fret his Landlord may.

Upon the Right Worſhipful, Sir Francis Floyd *Knight, Son to the moſt eloquent, pious, learned, and honorable Judge, Sir* Marmaduke Floyd *Knight.*

VErtue can never be conceal'd; her flame
Shines bright, and will diſcloſe a vertuous name:
A brave report of his great worth we hear
As loud as thunder in our Hemiſphere:
Contagious times could never make a ſpot
On his fair clothes, or his white paper blot;
He could not flatter, or affect the crime
To temporize, or ſmooth the ruder time;
Fixt in his ſtation like a lofty hill
He ſimply ſtood, and ſcorn'd to change his will:
I wiſh he may enjoy fair Halcion days,
And Heaven bleſs his meritorious ways.

Even ſo come, Lord Jeſus. Rev. 22. 20.

THe pretty Bird impriſon'd in his cage,
Would fain go free, and ſpend his merry age
In ſpacious woods: So is my better mind
As to a priſon, to my fleſh confin'd:
Make haſte, ſweet Jeſus, to ſtrike off my ſhackle,
And to diſſolve this earthly tabernacle,

Thou art on earth, the earth's moſt perfect pleaſure;
Thou art in heaven, heavens richeſt treaſure:
Let others dote on beauty, honour, wealth,
Thou art my great reward, my joy, my health:

My

My ſoul is raviſht with thy love, and ſickly;
Then come my ſweeteſt Jeſus, oh come quickly!

Upon Natures Darling, the young ingenuous Gentleman, Mr. James Jones *Son to* Edmund Jones *Eſq;*

HE is in years a child; but if you ſcan
The ripeneſs of his wit, he is a man.
This graff from ſuch a gallant ſtock will be
In time ſucceeding, a moſt fruitful tree:
This Plant will prove a goodly Oak, and give
A pleaſant ſhade the weary to relieve.
His Spring foretels the Autumn; and ſuch rayes
Dart from the morning of his youthful days,
As do foreſhew this Morning ſtar will prove
A glorious body in the orb of Love.
Thus pureſt Springs, as they do forward go,
The wider ſtill, and ſtill the deeper grow.

Upon the death of the Right worſhipful, Sir Walter Pye *of the* Mynde.

THus full grown, fruitful trees we often find
Blown down by ſad and unexpected wind.
He was an Evening-ſtar, but ſo divine,
As did in glory Morning-ſtars outſhine:
Vertue was ſtrong in him, (if truly ſcan'd)
As when the Sun doth in his *Zenith* ſtand:
The King hath loſt a Subject, who ſhould have
An everlaſting *April* on his grave.
Have you obſerv'd, how the pure Frankincenſe
Or Storax burning out, delights the ſenſe?

So he conſum'd and dy'd; He left a Name
A glory to his friends, to foes a ſhame:
His death deſerves of tears more ample ſtore,
Than there be ſands upon rich *Nilus* ſhore.

The Paſſion of Chriſt.

Vita mea fuit mors Chriſti; Mors Chriſti vita mea eſt.

Adam, who names to Creatures gave,
Did in fair *Edens* garden ſin:
Chriſt in a garden, man to ſave,
His bitter Paſſion did begin;
There did his ſweat, and drops abound,
Yea, drops of precious holy blood;
Which trickled down unto the ground,
And flowed like a crimſon flood:
There *Judas* did his Lord betray
With a foul and deceitful kiſs;
Diſſemblers caſt their ſouls away,
Regarding not eternal bliſs.
From thence with lanthorns, ſtaves and ſwords
They led him like a wicked thief;
No faithful friend now aid affords,
No Angel miniſters relief.
To *Annas* then they brought the Lord;
The holy Lamb is ſtrongly bound;
To murther him they all accord,
In whom no guile or ſin was found.
He could theſe cords aſunder break,
His mighty hands did heaven frame;
My ſins did bind and make him weak,
And ſubject unto pain and ſhame.

Herod

Herod did ſcorn him, and diſdain
To ſee ſo poor, and vile a thing;
The Lamb no favour can obtain,
When that the crafty Fox is King.
To *Pilate's* Hall they brought him bound,
For, *Pilate* judgment was to give:
The Judge in him no evil found,
But that he might in juſtice live.
They did blindfold the God of Light,
And ſtruck the peaceful Prince of Love,
Though to the blind he gave their ſight,
Yet nothing could theſe tyrants move:
They ſpit in his moſt glorious face,
Whoſe healing ſpittle cur'd the blind:
Although he gave to ſinners grace,
Yet here he could no favour find:
They 'twixt two thieves him crucifie,
Who did him mock, and baſely ſcorn;
Between two thorns you might eſpy
The Lilly of the vallies torn.
This was our Saviour's nuptial day,
The bitter Croſs his marriage bed,
Where he his patient head down lay,
His loving Spouſe the Church to wed:
With nails they pierce his hands and feet,
And with a cruel ſpear his ſide;
From whence the Sacraments moſt ſweet
Like to a lively ſtream did glide.
At laſt he bow'd his head divine,
All things were finiſht and compleat;
His Spirit to God he did aſſigne,
And unto us his Merits great.

The Children of *Bethlehem*:

Vox Sanguinis.

A Voice was heard in *Ramah*, or on high;
Fair *Rachel* wept, becauſe her babes muſt die:
In *Bethlem Rachel's* buried; therefore ſhe
Is ſtil'd the Mother of this Infantrie.
No voice comes ſooner to the ears of God,
Or crieth louder than the voice of blood:
Herod the Fox theſe pretty Lambs did kill,
Who the firſt Martyrs were by act, not will:
In act and will I would a Martyr prove,
And give this world, to gain the world above.

Upon the Worſhipful, and moſt hoſpitable Gentleman, Andrew Barker *Eſq; of* Fearſwood *in the County of* Glouceſter.

Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus.

OBſerve bright Heavens conſtellation, how
The ſtars do join, and make a glorious ſhow.
Thus vertues meet in him, whoſe noble thought
Hath pious works unto perfection brought:
He keeps a houſe compleat: to ſtrangers free,
Without vain-glorious prodigality;
No churliſh Porter dares to ſhut his door
Againſt the ſad petitions of the poor:
No Hereſie, no Treaſon ere poſſeſt,
Or enter'd once into his feri us breaſt:

Fid. My

Fidelity and truth did ever guide
And steer his ship through every wind and tide:
His Wife is like the pleasant Vine, that she
May stock the world with good posterity;
His lovely Children blest with grace and wit,
Like Olive branches at his table sit;
And strangers which behold them, soon may gather
They are the children of so good a Father.
May he ne're cease, through the great power of God,
To bud, and flourish like old *Aarons* rod.

Upon Saul *seeking his fathers Asses.*

Saul did much care and diligence express,
By seeking Asses in the Wilderness;
Three days he travell'd with a serious mind
To find them out, but could no Asses find:
Find out a hundred you in *London* may
Of *Presbyterian Asses* in one day.

The Moon.

IT is beleev'd, the Moon so fair, so bright,
Doth from the Sun receive her candid light:
My soul no beauty, no perfection knows,
But what the Sun of glory still bestows.

Upon the fair and vertuous Gentlewoman Mrs M.S. *that can sing excellently.*

Gratior est virtus veniens è corpore pulchro.

WHen first I did this Virgin spie,
The object pleas'd my serious eye:
But when I heard her sing, I swear,
The musick took both heart and ear.
Those inward vertues please us best,
Which are with outward beauty drest;
And 'tis a comely thing to find
In bodies fair, a fairer mind:
The Harp, the Viol hither bring,
And Birds, musitians of the *Spring*;
When she doth sing, those must be mute,
They are but Cymbals to the Lute:
She with her Notes doth rise, and fall,
More sweetly than the Nightingal:
God in her pious heart keeps place,
Some Angel in her voice and face.

The Hen and Chickens.

SEe how the careful Hen, with daily pain,
Her young and tender Chickens doth maintain;
From ravenous birds secure her young ones lie
Under their mothers feather'd canopy:
Thus his dear children God together brings,
And still protects them with his gracious wings:
The birds of prey Gods Doves would soon devour,
Did he not guard them with his watchful pow'r.

Upon

Upon the Honourable Colonel; Sir *Randolph Egerton* Knight.

In pace optimus; in bello maximus.

MY trumpet is to dull too ſound his praiſe,
Who guilds this Nation with his vertuous rayes:
His merits do, like *Nilus*, overflow
The banks of comprehenſion; and *I* know
No better way than ſilence to commend
His vertues, which no meaſure have, nor end;
The muſes ſhall meloudious Anthems ſing
Of his bold love, and valour for the King.

Upon the fair, and vertuous Gentlewoman Mrs. *Elizabeth Gwyn* of the *Hay*.

I Cannot ſpeak her worth, but ſhew my will,
Her merits are beyond my pen, or skill.
Her face, and mind is fair, like to the day
Unclouded, or like heaven's milkie way,
When ſhe inclines to marriage, may ſhe find
A lover correſpendent to her mind;
As ſhe is rich, and comely, ſo may he
Equal in portion, and proportion be:
As ſhe is kind, from him let kindneſſe flow,
And love, which weak defect may never know:
So let them both like twyns be fair, and kind,
Be rich in grace, be of a loving mind;
So let them both continue, till they kiſſe
In love each other to eternal bliſſe:

Wordly,

Wordly Honor.

Honos mundi eſt onus animi.

CLimb up the higheſt hill, and you ſhall find
That place moſt ſubject to great ſtorms and wind.
So wordly Honours, and preferments are
But ſteps to raiſe you to more grief, and care.

To the moſt Courteous, and fair Gentlewoman the pattern of modeſty, and piety Mrs. *Elinor Williams* of the *Gare*.

AS you are perfect without blot, or ſtain,
So may perfection in your Bridegroome raign.
As you are young, and tender; ſo may he
In years a little your ſuperiour be.
For every marriage then is beſt in tune,
When that the wife is *May*, the husband *June*,
Let not your heart to beggar's Hall incline,
A ſhrubble ſhould not embrace ſo tall a pine.
A Buzzard muſt not court the gentle Dove,
For ſuch a marriage will prodigious prove.
No fooliſh Wood-cock, muſt expect to wedde.
Or take the rarer Phenix to his bed.
Before your Roſes fade, joyn hand in hand,
Old age will come and plough your fineſt land.

R membe

Remember *Lots* Wife.

Exempla plus valent, quam præcepta.

A Woman turn'd to ſalt, moſt true it is;
Ovid nere knew that Metamorphoſis.
The woman chang'd, not man, Gods prime creature,
For women are moſt apt to change by nature.
She looked back with a moſt ſtrong deſire,
To ſee old *Sodom*, which was then on fire.
The act of looking back had bin no crime,
Had ſhe lookt back but at another time.
It was Gods precept, made this act a ſin,
She had been free, had God not injur'd bin,
Salt ſeaſoneth fleſh; ſhe's turn'd to ſalt, that we
By her example might well ſeaſon'd be.
Go on (my ſoul) to God with all thy might,
Renounce thy former *Sodom* of delight.

Upon the death of the Right Worſhipful: Sir *Anthony Manſel*, who was ſhot, and kild at the battel of *Newbery*:

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor, aut modus,
Tam chari capitis: Hora.

DEath like a coward at a diſtance ſtood,
When ſhe ſtruck him: his valour was ſo good,
She durſt not venter neere: Death to her ſhame
His body kill'd, but could not kill his name.
In this ſad battel, if fame truth doth ſay,
We got the field, and yet we loſt the day.

His

His death eclipſt the day, and made it night,
And clouds of ſorrow did obſcure the light.
It were injuſtice to neglect his duſt,
Whoſe death was noble, as his life was juſt:
Now heaven crownes him, where all labors ceaſe,
Although he dy'd in war, he dy'd in peace:

Charity.

Quid charitas ſine fide?
Quid fides ſine charitate?

THe glorious Sun beſtows his light, and heat,
To cheriſh us, and make all things compleat.
The ſwelling clouds with water do abound,
To ſuccour, and refreſh the thirſty ground.
The earth yields her increaſe: the fruitful vine
Out of her treaſure yields the pleaſant wine.
All creatures in their kind by nature give,
And with their precious ſtore our wants releive;
Theſe creatures by example us ſhould move
To help each other with a mutual love.
To feed the poor who ſells his own eſtate,
Doth purchaſe heaven at an eaſie rate.
God loves a broken heart, an humble knee,
An open hand from all vain glory free.

The Holy Sacrament, or Supper of the Lord.

Ubi ratio deficit, fides proficit:

UNder the forms of ſacred bread, and wine,
I do receive thee, Lord, and grace divine;

Then

Thou art the door, the vine, the corner ſtone,
Thou art the way, the truth, the life alone.
Thy mercy to inlarge thou art our bread;
Wherewith we are to life eternal fed.
Thy blood is wine, which ſweetly doth refreſh
Our weary ſouls, and cheere our weaker fleſh.
Who eats this bread, and drinks this cup, ſhall be
From fainting thirſt, and pining hunger free.
In this ſweet bread doth no ſour leaven lye
Of fraud, of malice or hypocriſie:
The bread's thy body, and the wine thy blood,
This *I* beleeve; this faith is ſafe, and good;
Thou art in thy great Sacrament; but how,
I ſimply do confeſſe, I do not know;
It is enough for me that thou art there,
I will receive thee, Lord, with joy and fear.

Upon the Right Worſhipful Sir Richard Floyd, *one of his Majeſties Honourable Judges in* South-Wales.

BLuſh all you ſcarlet gowns, that heretofore
Did wink at rich men, and condemn the poor.
Great flyes break through, when the leſſer fly
In ſlender cobwebs doth intangled ly.
But here is one of *Fetbro's* Judges, he
Fears God and is from baſe corruption free:
The perſon he reſpects not, but the cauſe,
He fancies not opinion, but the laws.
The ſcales of Juſtice no fine gold can turn,
He righteth thoſe which laugh, and thoſe that mourn.
He's careful of the poor; for he doth know
That men will ſoon tread down a hedge that's low.
His language is attractive, ſweet, and full,
And falls like rain into a fleece of wooll.

In

In faith he is a rock: in loyal love
For his good King he did a Martyr prove.
He is a honeſt Jude; my active will
Would guild his name, had I but perfect skill:

Conſcience.

Conſcientia mille Teſtes,

COnſider all thy actions, and take heed
On ſtollen bread, though it is ſweet, to feed.
Sinne like a Bee unto thy hive may bring
A little honey, but expect the ſting.
Thou maiſt conceal thy ſinne by cunning Art,
But conſcience ſits a witneſſe in thy heart,
Which will diſturb thy peace, thy reſt undo,
For that is witneſſe, Judge, and priſon too:
The pleaſant ſtreame doth fair and ſmoothly glide,
When in the bottom no great rubbes abide.
No ſwelling grief, no boyſtrous cares appear,
Where honeſt ways preſerve the conſcience clear.
Our cloths being new, and fair, we hold it fit,
To care, what thing we touch, and where we ſit.
When they are foul, or torne, we leave that care,
And caſt them up and down like broken ware:
Tis ſo with conſcience; while 'tis fair within,
We fear to ſtain it with ſome heynous ſin:
If once the Virgin-Conſcience plays the queen,
We ſeldom after care to keep it clean.
Then keep thy conſcience, like thy paper white,
And do not blot, when thou maiſt fairly write.

The

The Shrew.

Ventus ab Aquilone :

BEhold her lip, how thin it is; her noſe
How ſharp, her voice how ſhrill, which doth diſcloſe
A troward ſhrew; who hath her by miſhap,
Shall ſurely hear a conſtant thunder-clap :
Silence is her diſeaſe; for like a mill
Her clapper goes, and never ſtandeth ſtill.
By night Hobgoblins houſes haunt : this ſprite
Doth vex, and haunt the houſe both day and night.
The Rack the wheele, the Spaniſh Inquiſition
Torments not like her tongue ; A ſad condition
Her husband lives in; like a coward he
Muſt leave the field, and always vanquiſht be.
He muſt commend, what ſhe doth well approve,
And diſallow of what ſhe doth not love.
We tame wild fouls, bears, lions : but no Art
To tame a ſhrew could any yet impart.

Upon a Gentlewoman with a bad face but a good, and pious mind.

HERE Vertue is eclipſt : and I do find
Her face a maſk unto her fairer mind :
Thus Diamonds in rocks, as ſtory tells,
And precious pearls are found in oyſter-ſhells.
In this dark Lanthorn burnes a lamp moſt bright,
Under this cloud there is a glorious light ;
Sweet vertues ſparkling from her ſoul divine,
Will break forth through the thickeſt clouds, and ſhine.

Nature

Nature in framing her, her skill forgot,
When she should fairly write, shee did but blot.
Her outside she compos'd of sturdy buffe,
But grace hath lind her with more precious stuffe.
Nature, and Grace in her could not agree,
The one was sparing, and the other free.

The Harlot.

Pestis Reipublicæ.

THE Harlot is the broad way unto hell,
A laborinth, a ditch, a poisnous well;
She is a nightly glow-worm: Canker'd brasse;
A common Inne, a sink, a broken glasse.
Her love is lust, her lover is a slave,
Her arms are fetters, and her bed a grave.
She doth perfume her wanton lips, and hair,
When her corrupted breath infects the air:
Some fool will venture for a wanton kisse,
As *Eve* did for an apple, heavens blisse.
Thus children for a nut will part with gold,
Thus *Esau* for some broth his birth right sold.
Use thy own fountain; stollen waters please,
Lascivious minds, and breed the souls disease;

Ad vere pium & colendiffimum virum *Johannem Gibs* armigerum, Juriſconſultum legis divinæ & humanæ ſcientiſſimum : *Anno Domini :* 1658

MEns tua divino ſplendeſcet lumine : cernis,
Acceſſit ſacræ quanta ruina domo :

Gloria

Gloria quam brevibus ditissima labitur horis,
Nec manet in centro firma, tenaxque suo.
Falsus honor, fragilisque fugacibus avolat alis,
Sordet & in medio sæpe corona luto.
Mutatis pereunt fulgentia lilia formis,
Splendorem retinet nec rosa blanda suum:
Nunc minuit, crescit nunc pleno Cynthia cornu;
Ambigui fluit, & refluit unda sali:
Sic vita est variis obnoxia casibus: hora
Nemo sit ingrati quid ferat una mali.
Continet in numeras Neptum littus arenas.
Mustarum æstivo est plurima turba die:
Arboribus variæ sunt frondes; gramina terræ;
Tot mala, tot morbi corpora nostra premunt;
Nunc cæto rideris, summaque salute triumphans,
Cras movet in mæsto languida membra toro;
In cælis æterna dies, æterna voluptas,
In terris vana est gloria, pictus honos.

The Wish.

Hoc est summum mei, caputque voti;

A Little house, a quiet wife,
Sufficient food to nourish life,
Most perfect health, and free from harm,
Convenient cloths to keep me warm.
The liberty of foot, and mind
And grace the ways of God to find.
This is the summe of my desire,
Until I come unto heavens quire.

Upon

Upon the most beautiful, hospitable, and Ingenuous Gentlewoman Mrs: Blanch Morgan *of the* Therow.

SOme fragant flowers the ſmell, ſome trees the ſight,
Do much content, ſome pearls are wondrous bright;
There's not ſo ſweet a flower, ſo fair a tree,
So pure a gemme in all the world, as ſhe:

Some Ladies humble are, and ſome are wiſe;
Some chaſt, ſome kind, ſome fair to pleaſe the eyes:
All vertues do in her like ſtars appear,
And make a glorious conſtellation there.

Ad magni, & honeſti nominis virum *Edmundum Jones* Armigerum, & Juriſconſultum optima ſcientia, & conſcientia præditum *Anno Domini* : 1656.

INtimas fundens animæ querelas
Proximas triſtis ſpacior per undas,
Et meis plenum fluit ex ocellis
Flumen aquarum :
Cum domum ſacram video ruentem
In luto fœdis maculis notandam,
Diſtrahor curis miſero laborans
Vulnere mentis.
Templa clauduntur penitus relicta,
Parcius ſanctis precibus beata :
Et ſilet ſtulte timidi prophetæ
Buccina veræ :

Hæreſis

Hæresis penna volitat superba,
Fascinans mentes populi caducas;
Veritas lucem fugiens silenti
Nocte vagatur:
Te scio veræ Cupidum salutis
Vineam multùm coluisse sanctam
Nulla spes lucri potuit fidelem
Flectere mentem.
Firma mens nullas metuens procellas,
Petra cui fortis stetit: heu timores
Negligis vanos; memoratq; cœli
Cætera calcas:
Seculum fœlix brevitèr futurum
Nuncio: lumen sequitur tenebras,
Claritas solis properatq; cæcam
Pellere noctem.

Fasting.

Jejunavit Christus non per necessitatem, sed per dispensationem, ut ostenderet, quàm bonum sit Jejunium.

FULL Barrels make no sound, nor can they pray
With perfect love, who banquet all the day.
Fasting extenuates sin: it doth controul,
And check the lustful motions of the soul:
Fasting doth make our prayers flame more high,
And prayer doth our fasting sanctifie:
To fast from meat my body shall begin,
And then my soul shall sooner fast from sin.
Thy Saints and Angels, Lord, nor drink, nor eat,
Receive my soul, and I will use no meat;
Thou art the Well, and bread of life: on thee
I'le feed with Heavens blessed Hierarchy.

In

In ſereniſſimi nominis virum *Jacobum Scudamore*, Armigerum; qui veræ nobilitatis vivax exemplar, nec non ditiſſimus eſt liberalitatis Nilus.

Eccè virtutis ſpeculum ſupremæ,
Alta cui mens eſt variis beata
Gratiæ donis, placidiq; plena
Munere cœli.
Divitum multis premitur catervis,
Pauperes vultu recipit benigno
Fanuam ſervans patulam, locumq;
Pluvibus umbris:
Spiritus mitis dominatur intus;
Non malo pictus genio tumeſcit,
Nec fames auri ſtudioſa mentem
Poſſidet æquam:
Dona fortunæ malefida blandæ
Deſpicit: virtus animum gubernat
Prodigum mundi, properatq; ſummum
Scandere cœlum:
Hæreſes odit nimium profanas.
Tramitem rectum gradiens ſalutis:
Tranſigat longos, precor, & quietos
Neſtoris annos.

Baptiſm.

Baptiſm.

Baptiſmus Johannis *erat in ſpe ad pœnitentiam; baptiſmus Chriſti erat revera ad remiſſionem peccatorum.*

THE Baptiſm of water, a good thing
Common to all, cannot ſalvation bring,
The Baptiſm of fire, and the Holy Ghoſt
Muſt make us live, or elſe our life is loſt.
Baptize me, Lord, if thou ſhalt think it good
With fire, and with the baptiſm of blood:

Sickneſs.

Omnes ſani facilè ægrotis conſilium damus.

ASK me no more, Which is the greateſt wealth
Our rich poſſeſſions, liberty, or health?
For riches, freedome, without health to me
Make but ſad muſick without harmony.
Ruſt eateth Iron: and the fineſt cloth
Is ſpoil'd, and fretted by the envious moth;
Through ſickneſs ſtrength and beauty fade away,
As when a cloud obſcures the faireſt day;
Each ſickneſs is Gods priſon; and more ſad
Than any which cruel Tyrants had.
When the ſore gout doth but poſſeſs the toe,
Where is thy former liberty to go?
A golden Crown can no great comfort be,
When th' head is troubled with a plethorie.
Call for delicious Quails, Canary Wine,
The fineſt Bread, or Manna more divine;

 Theſe

These to thy palate will distastful prove,
When nothing can thee to disgestion move,
Much more diseases will in man appear,
Than there be dayes existent in the year.
O health, O perfect health, the gift of God,
When we grow wanton, sickness is his rod:
When I am sick or well, grant, Lord, I may
Remember thee, and not forget to pray.

To the most affable, charitable, and ingenuous Gentleman, Roger Vaughan *of* Moccas, *Esq;*

Nobilis ingenio, natura, moribus, ortu.

MIstake me not; It is not my intent
To court you with a formal complement;
Should I presume to set your praises forth,
I should but injure you, and blot your worth,
My drops can never make the *Sea* more full,
And *I* confess, my Candle is too dull
To add more light unto the Sun; my mind
Would active be, but still defects I find.
My slender power doth compell my pen
To leave that task to more judicious men.

The tongue.

Bona lingua nihil melius,
Mala lingua nihil pejus.

GIve not the Bridle to thy hasty tongue,
A mad colt speeds, and may his Master wrong:

A tongue well dreſt is excellent meat; ill dreſt
It is diſtaſtful, and will not diſgeſt:
The tongue is fire, ſoft fire gives pleaſant heat,
But if it flames too high, the danger's great:
Who gives full ſcope, and lets his tongue go free,
Will but endanger his own Liberty.
In ſilent ſtreams we find the deepeſt foords,
And Wiſdom's moſt, where there is leaſt of words:
Exceſſive words, which like great tides do ſwell
Above their banks, unhappy effects foretell.

Upon the Right Worſhipful, Sir *John Awbrey* of *Lantrethit*, Knight.

Honeſtas rumor optimum eſt patrimonium.

SInce Truth is from the earth to heaven fled,
Men are by ſtrange, and various fancies led:
The times did alter, yet the world may ſee
This Knight from change, but not from chance was free.
Some mens Religion like a blaze of fire
Caus'd by dry ſticks or thorns, will ſoon expire.
Such will not row their boat, but where they find
The tide moſt calm, free from tempeſtuous wind.
But he great ſtorms, and dangers did foreſee,
Yet no foul ſhipwrack of his faith could be:
No danger could his reſolution ſhake,
Or on his ſoul a baſe impreſſion make.
Men might abuſe his body, name, or land,
They never could his braver ſoul command.
The Sun's leſs conſtant; for ſince he begun,
He ne're went back, like *Hezekiah*'s Sun:
I'le ſpeak no more; he praiſed *Cæſar* beſt,
Who ſilent wonder'd, and did ſpeak the leaſt.

To the Right Worſhipful, Sir *Richard Baſſet* of *Bewper*, Knight.

Inſtar omnium.

IF commendation is to valour due,
Or vertue, praiſe them is a debt to you
You could not ſtoop, nor alter, like the wind,
The loyal reſolution of your mind,
You bravely ſtood in times of war and fear
Like ſome bright Star fixt in your proper ſphear.
Such ſparks of Valour from your eyes did fly,
As put your foes into an extaſy.
Your Noble actions do tranſcend all wit,
Or copious lines, unleſs an Angel writ.

Upon his much honoured friend, Major Henry Stedman.

HOW ſhall I write of him, whoſe pleaſant rayes
Do further ſpread than my weak skill or praiſe?
His mind is like ſweet *Edens* Garden; which
Was fair in trees, as he in vertues rich.
His Loyalty is known, his Valour try'd,
Nor can his ſerious Judgement be deny'd.
Eaſt was not more divided from the Weſt,
Than Treaſon from his unpolluted breaſt.
His faith is Catholick, and it is vain
To tempt him with a fond fanatick ſtrain.
Although his Boat with waves and wind was toſt,
He ne're his courſe or reſolution loſt.

To

To the Worſhipful, Edward Powel, *Eſq*; *of the* Maes Maur.

MY Penſil is too dull to paint your name
With ſuch a gloſs, as may advance your fame.
Yet I have writ you down; for I believe
Your name more luſtre to my Book will give:
As precious ſtones adorn a golden Ring,
And Lillies beauty to the Valleys bring.
So he that will on your perfections look,
Shall find, they are a ſplendour to my Book.
You are my friend; which ſome may think not true:
Becauſe I do ſo ſlightly write of you.

Upon the Right Worſhipful, Nicholas Arnold *of* Lintony, *Eſq*;

Honeſty is the beſt policy.

BEhold an *Iſraelite*, in whom's no guile,
Nor doth foul practice his fair hands defile,
The worldly wiſe do ſtudy, watch, and plot,
And tread all paths, that riches may be got.
If *Naboth*'s Vineyard fruitful is, then they
With *Naboth*'s blood will *Naboth*'s Vineyard buy.
But his ſoul is contented, and doth hate
To wander further than his own eſtate.
He ſoars not high with an ambitious wing,
But is contented, like a private ſpring,
To keep his conſtant courſe: no muddy gain
Of ill got treaſure ſhall his conſcience ſtain.

Thus have I seen a calm and pleasant tide
Without all noise, or swelling billows slide:
His faith he pins not on another's sleeve,
Nor changeth like the times: his soul doth grieve
To see mad people, free from fear and grace,
Besiege the Church, and storm the Sacred place.
He is a friend true learning to advance,
For learning hath no foe, but Ignorance:
I wish him happy dayes, and life to see
His vertues shine in his posterity.

A Perewig.

——— Ut moveant cornicula risum
Furtivis nudata coloribus.

WElcome (brave gallant) with those locks so fair
It is a question, who doth own that hair;
The owner sure is dead; but when, or how,
Or in what place he dy'd, thou dost not know.
Perhaps he dy'd at *Bedlam*, then take heed,
Those hairs mad fancies in thy head may breed.
Perchance sad *Tyburn* was the fatal place
Where he did end his dayes for want of grace.
If it be so, they will infect thy brain,
And cause thee to delight in thievish gain.
If from some broken Chamber-maid they fell,
They'l move to lust, and modest thoughts expell.
Or if they grew upon a drunken head,
Thou seldom wilt go sober to thy bed:
But if they came from some bad Statesman's ground,
A Matchivillian Knave thou mayst be found:
Thus these dead excrements, if thou them use,
Will but bad thoughts and qualities infuse.

Cast

Caſt off thoſe looſer hairs, which every wind
Will fright away, and ſhew thy vainer mind:
God numbers all our hairs: let no man ſcoff
At that, which God doth take ſuch notice of:
Beſides, it is a ſinful, ſhameful part,
To ſlubber Natures work with ſluttiſh Art.

Upon his moſt dear and pious Uncle, Mr. James Parry, *Parſon of* Tedſtone.

WHile the newteachers in the Pulpit prate,
His works his Sermons are, which do declare,
And ſpread themſelves: we may his pious mind,
And inward faith by outward actions find:
A good tree bears good fruit; the Olive tree
Is fat; but figs from thiſtles cannot be:
The poor flock to him for ſupply and reſt,
As birds do fly unto the warmer neſt:
He lives not to the world; no baſe deſire
Of gold inflames him, or ambitious fire.
He praiſeth God, and doth contented live,
Whether the hand of God doth take or give.
Afflictions are his bleſſings, and the rod
Which chaſtens him, doth bring him home to God:
He lives to day, as if he'd die to morrow,
Life is to him no joy, nor yet a ſorrow.

D[illegible] Hell.

Hell.

Qui per malam vitam negligit cœlum, per justitiam Dei cadit in Infernum.

GOOD Lord, deliver me from hell, where grief
Is without end, and pain without relief.
In this dark dungeon damned spirits lie,
Where the foul worm of conscience doth not die,
Nor fire go out; where the most wretched soul
Doth but in vain for pardon cry and houl;
Here they do gnash their teeth, they spend sad tears,
Full of distractions, horrid thoughts, and fears.
From Gods sweet presence, from eternal light,
From holy Angels, and from Saints delight,
From heavens glory now they banisht are,
What torment is this, no man can declare;
If after twenty thousand years of pain,
And thousands more the damn'd were sure to gain
A pardon, and come out, this grant would be
Some comfort to them in their misery.
But there is no such hope: the Judgement's past,
And cannot be revok'd; the gate is fast,
And never can be opened: who can tell,
What dreadful lamentations are in hell?
I know that heaven is above; but how,
Or where hell stands, Lord, let me never know.

The

The prosperity of the wicked.

Ut paupertas bonorum est beata, sic prosperitas impiorum est maledicta.

SOmetimes the wicked flourish like the bay,
Which still keeps green, when better trees decay.
Have you observ'd, how little streams do swell,
And rise above their banks, and then have fell,
And sunk into their Channels? so we know,
Base men have risen high, then fallen low:
That Kingdom is in an unhappy case,
Where Cedars fall, and shrubs possess their place::
With joy and pleasure Upstarts climb the hill,
Again they tumble down against their will:
Those men do much mistake, who only measure
A Christians welfare by his worldly treasure:
An Angel hath no gold, no beasts, nor land,
And yet he is not poor; his wealth doth stand
In better things: although the just mans store
Is small; he hath enough, and needs no more.
God doth his grace instead of wealth impart,
And with contentment doth enrich his heart.
The bad mans wealth with discontent doth dwell,
His heaven is but intermixt with hell;
Be not in love with gold; a golden purse
Is without grace no blessing, but a curse.

The Martyr.

Martyrium eſt baptiſmus ſanguinis.

SOme in gay feathers do the Peacocks play,
While 'tis fair weather, and a ſunny day;
But when 'tis clouded, and the ſtorms begin,
Like fearful ſnails they keep their horns within.
Pure Fountain-water doth moſt heat contain
The winter time: Good men, in greateſt pain,
And hardeſt times or dangers, valiant prove,
And do expreſs the greateſt heat of love.
A Chriſtian from his faith will never ſtart,
If thouſands ſhould preſent, and fire his heart:
He loves not life, life is to him a pain;
He fears not death, death is to him a gain:
He dies a Saint, for truth who ſpends his breath;
The cauſe proclaims a Martyr, not the death:
The blood of Martyrs is the fruitful ſeed,
Which being ſown, doth ſtill more Chriſtians breed.

The DEVIL.

Monſtrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.

GOD bleſs me from the Devil: woe to man,
If God rules not that great Leviathan.
Dark, foggy miſts he caſts before our eyes,
To make us credit his phantaſtick lyes:
His greateſt proffers are but painted toyes,
Lin'd through with grief, and onely fac'd with joyes.

With

With pleasant potions, and with sugred pills
The Devil tempts his patient when he kills.
He tempted *David* with *Bathsheba* fair;
Judas with silver-pieces, whom despair
Brought to perdition: with a beauteous face
He brought two wanton Elders to disgrace:
With *Naboths* vineyard *Achab* he beguil'd,
So he with blood his guilty hands defil'd.
He cozen'd *Achan* with a wedge of gold,
Eve with an apple: No man can unfold
His various tricks; he knoweth when to fish,
What bait you love, what things you chiefly wish.
Three ways he useth most; Wine, women, wealth,
By which he creeps into the heart by stealth:
Resist him at the first, he'll flie away;
Get but the morning, and you have the day.

The Sinners Petition.

Non opus est misericordia, ubi non est peccatum.

After some sick and tedious hours of night,
The Patient longs for the approaching light:
The thirsty Deer doth panting run, and look,
Desiring to find out the water-brook:
So pants my soul, and sighs, and longs to see
Thy saving health to make thy servant free.
How am *I* circled with thick clouds of sin,
And still a thred of vain delights I spin.
The Sun of glory these dark clouds can chase,
And cleer me with the beauty of his face.
Wash (Lord) my scarlet sins, that knowest how
To make me whiter than the fleece of snow:

Remember

Remember not my raſh and ill ſpent youth,
When I could fancy lyes, and hate the truth:
Thoſe ſins are wormwood now, and bitter gall,
My pleaſures then, I now my ſorrows call:
I creep unto thy gate, and do implore
Thy gracious love to cure my cankred ſore:
Receive me in, although I come ſo late,
Thou haſt the keyes to open heavens gate.

A Hymn.

HEar me, thou God of my delight:
Me inſpire with thy fire
Pure and bright.
Cleer my face with thy grace;
Turn, I pray, night to day,
With the beams of thy glorious light.
My waters calm, and cure me with thy balm;
Have in ſtore for my ſore
Some redreſs.
Rid my fears, wipe the tears
Which mine eyes do ſurpriſe,
And me with thy pleaſures bleſs.
Great King, break not a bruiſed reed,
Give me bread to be fed
At my need.
Call to mind (Lord) how kind
Chriſt thy Son me hath won,
When his precious ſide muſt bleed.
Keep me from thrall, and let me never fall
Into woe, leſt my foe
May be glad.
Let thy wing comfort bring
To my mind when I find
My ſoul in her mourning clad.

All

All land unto the glorious King,
Whose great love we may prove
By each thing.
Heart and voice shall rejoyce,
And my breath unto death
Shall harmonious Anthems sing.
Lord, when I die, let my spirit flie
To thy throne, where alone
Thou dost raign.
Perfect health, and true wealth,
Quiet peace never cease,
In thy Kingdom, there's no pain.
Glory unto the Father be,
To the Son it be done
Equally:
Praise and boast th' Holy Ghost
With thy power every hour,
One true God in Persons three:
Now 'tis even as heretofore it was,
And shall be certainly
Evermore:
His great light hath no night,
Nor can he changed be,
But remains as he was before.

Drunkenness.

Ebrietas brevis est insania.

USE golden Temperance; that anchor may
In greatest floods, thy boat that wanders, stay.
Who drinks too much, and doth in taverns dwell,
May want a drop to cool his tongue in hell.
Poets write of Men transform'd to beasts: if true,
I do believe they were some Drunken crue:

No

No Wolf, no Aſs more fierce, more ſhameleſs can
Or careleſs be, than is a drunken man:
Luſt, murder, folly, falſhood, anger, pride
Poſſeſs foul Drunkards, and their humors guide:
Who runs, (and ne'r returns) this dirty way,
Travels too hard to caſt his ſoul away.
Avoid the Ale-houſe: who frequents the door
Where harlots live, will learn to love a whore.
Lord bleſs me, that with Chriſt *I* may be able
Before a drunken Inne to chooſe a ſtable.

The Fountain:

O Fons, lucidò ſplendidior vitro!

HEre I do bathe my body, waſh my face:
To cleanſe my ſins, *I* uſe the ſpring of grace.
This fountain from a ſtony rock doth flow,
Which teacheth me my Saviour Chriſt to know.
He is the Rock, from whence a vertuous ſpring
Proceeds to cleanſe the beggar, and the King.
Herein a Chryſtal cleerneſs doth appear,
Which teacheth me to keep my Conſcience clear:
This little fountain from all mud is free,
When greater ſtreams are dark and troubled be:
Secure content doth crown a mean eſtate,
When Honors are obſcur'd by envious fate.
Here I do drink, and fear no poiſonous charm;
Rich wine in golden cups contain more harm.
The running Fountain makes no ſluggiſh ſtay,
But keeps its courſe, and travels night and day:
Nor will *I* ſpend my life as in a dream,
But labour to be active, as the ſtream.
Here without grudge the traveller ſhall ſtay
And quench his thirſt, although he nothing pay:

Which

Which teacheth me to bind the bruiſed reed,
And give my cruſe of oil to thoſe that need.
This pleaſant Spring unto the ſea doth haſte,
And ſpends both day and night, yet doth not waſte:
My tears ſhall never ceaſe my God to move,
Until they run into his ſea of love.
The Fountain doth alone, and ſecret dwell,
Like ſome chaſte Nun in a religious cell:
A private life, obſcure, doth beſt agree
With my deſires, from noiſe and tumults free.

The Prodigal Son:

——Facilis deſcenſus averni,
Sed revocare gradum; ſuperaſque evadere ad auras:
Hic labor, hoc opus eſt.

ONce did *I* ſpread abroad my glorious train,
And like a Cedar little ſhrubs diſdain:
Amongſt ſmall fiſh *I* thought my ſelf a Whale,
None might me ballance in an equal ſcale.
Reaſon was not my guide; each wanton ſenſe
Did wander through the whole circumference:
Sometimes the center of my pleaſure lay
Fixt in the bed of luſt: the glorious Day
Did uſher in my fancies, and the Night
Was but my ſecret Pander to delight.
I robb'd the painful Silkworm of her ſtore,
And poliſht *Engliſh* fleece with *Indian* ore;
Which by reflexion from the Suns bright rays,
Dall'd the beholders eyes, and made fools praiſe
My handſom feature, although every part
Was little bound to Natures work, but Art.

No

No cloud of ſorrow did eclipſe my joy,
Nor mud of envy did my ſpring annoy:
Each day produc'd ſtrange diſhes of content,
To give my palate a new complement:
With women, wine, and cards *I* ſpent the day,
Which like the wind chas'd clouds of cares away.
But when my ſtock was ſpent, my thoughts did fall,
I loſt the Court, and found the Beggars hall:
The ſtubborn husks, which naſty hogs do eat,
Was then my onely diſh, and conſtant meat:
The ſcales of ſin fell from my watry eyes,
And real truths *I* did diſcern from lyes.
In haſte *I* ran into my Fathers arms,
And now with him *I* live ſecure from harms:
I'le drown my ſins in tears, and never more
Spend oil in vain, that *I* may pay my ſcore.

HEAVEN.

Non eſt mortale quod opto.

THe world's an empty cheſt, where nothing lies,
Which may content the longing heart or eyes:
Figs from theſe thiſtles we ſhall never gain,
Nor grapes of pleaſure from theſe thorns of pain:
My ſoul diſdains the Earth, and ſores above,
Feather'd with wings of an immortal love.
The Priſoner, which in ſome dark dungeon lies,
No comfort feels, nor light of ſun eſpies:
What joy would he conceive, if he were free,
And could enjoy his wiſhed liberty?
So my impriſon'd ſoul expects the day,
When Nature ſhall diſſolve this houſe of clay:
For then *I* ſhall aſcend with ſwift deſire,
And ſudden motion to the Angels quire;

Where

Where I shall see that glorious, Sacred face,
Which joyes all creatures, lightneth every place;
No Sun or Moon shines there; no day or night,
The Lamb himself is the eternal light.
There is the Mercy-Seat: the holy hill,
Where neither thieves nor tyrants rob or kill.
No shackles hurt the feet, nor cares the mind,
The poor man there is free from storms and wind.
All discontent, all imperfection dyes,
The lame receive their feet, the blind their eyes.
All tears are wip't away: None doth command,
Each Saint doth hold a Scepter in his hand:
Lord, let me see thy Court; I seek no more,
But the least place to stand behind the door.

Upon the most Hospitable, and Courteous Gentleman, the Worshipful, Thomas Lewis, *Esq; of* Langorse.

AS at a fountain every thirsty soul
May freely drink, and fill his empty bowl;
So doth his kindness, and his bounty flow,
Like some high tide, which doth no measure know;

As the pure air is from base mixture free,
Without all vapours, or malignity;
So his untainted heart disdains to be
A friend to Schism, or Disloyalty:

As on a Rock a house doth firmly stand,
And bravely scorn both wind and rains command;
So his most Noble resolution stood
Firm for the Church, the King, and Countreys good.

Black

Black Patches.

Vanitas vanitatum.

LAdies turn Conjurers, and can impart
The hidden myſtery of the Black-Art.
Black artificial patches do betray,
They more affect the works of night, than day.
The Creature ſtrives the Creator to diſgrace
By patching that, which is a perfect face:
A little ſtain upon the pureſt dye,
Is both offenſive to the heart and eye;
Defile not then with ſpots that face of ſnow,
Where the wiſe God his workmanſhip doth ſhow.
The light of nature, and the light of grace,
Is the complexion for a Ladies face.

Powdred Hair.

Malè olet.

SOme proud phantaſtick Coxcomb takes more pains
And greater care to dreſs his hair, than brains:
And he doth ſtudy, that his hair may have
A better dye, than God and Nature gave;
Furniſh thy head with knowledge; I preſume,
That with a wiſe man is the beſt perfume.

A Wife.

Imperet illa nihil, quicquid tamen impetret uxor, uiere nec ſerva conjuge, nec Domino.

ART thou reſolv'd for Marriage? then relie
On God to chuſe, not on the wanton eye.
Men may intend, or purpoſe: It is not
The man, but God, which ties the marriage knot.
Fix not thy mind on beauty: that fair ſhade
Will quickly paſs, that fair flower will fade,
Vertue and beauty to one place confin'd,
Is the beſt glue, which can affection bind.
A modeſt maid with beauty ſtor'd, and grace,
Hath wealth enough, and portion in her face.
To take a Wife for wealth, and not for love,
Will but a ſickneſs, not a Marriage prove.
Chuſe one well born: all waters do (we know)
More ſweet from fountains, than from channels flow.
Graff on a Noble Stock, and you ſhall find
Such pleaſant fruit as will delight your mind:
Doat not on her which doth the wanton play,
And think with gold and pearl t' outſhine the day.
Give me a wife, that can the Spindle uſe,
The Book, the Needle, free from brawls and news.
Take heed of her, that ſanctifies her face,
And never prates without a Scripture phraſe.
One chaſt, and merry, lovely, kind, and wiſe,
Active, well bred, contents both heart and eyes.
Deſire the hand of God to point thy wayes;
He never falls, that in his journey prayes.

The

The Rainbow.

Ingens bibit arcus. Virg.

VAriety of colours may be ſeen
Within the Rainbow, chiefly red and green.
Green ſhews the Deluge, which did overflow,
And drown the whole Creation here below:
Red ſhews the world, (when times age ſhall expire)
Muſt be refin'd, if not conſum'd by fire.
We ſee no arrow in this bow, nor ſtring,
It threatens not, but doth glad-tidings bring:
The glorious bow of heaven doth foreſhow
Sweet ſhowers of Bleſſings, not of Judgements now:
Grant me thy mercies, Lord, caſt not thy dart,
Nor ſhoot thine arrow at my wounded heart.

The Carpenter.

Is not this the Carpenter's Son?

GOD is the Carpenter, whoſe skilful hand
Upon the waters made this Orb to ſtand.
He did compoſe the gate, which is the way
To heavens bliſs; and keeps himſelf the key:
He hath his Plain, when we are rough and wild,
To make our ſtubborn Natures ſmooth and mild.
He hath his perfect Rule, his Sawe, his Axe,
To order that which reformation lacks.
This Carpenter makes hearts and hands agree,
And joins them faſt in bonds of Unity.
Lord, join and glue my ſoul to thee ſo well,
That I in thee, and thou in me may'ſt dwell.

Upon

Upon the Worſhipful, and moſt hopeful Gentleman, Thomas Priſe *of* Whiſteſton, *Eſq*;

HE is in years but young, yet grave and wiſe,
Old age and youth in him do ſympathize.
Nature made uſe of Art, before ſhe could
Make one at the ſame time both young and old.
His heart is gallant, humble, juſt, and free,
There only vertues keep their Hierarchie.
The pleaſant *Whiſteſton* is his Manſion-place,
Where Nature Art, and Art doth Nature grace.
In that fair dwelling we may find much pleaſure,
But yet in him conſiſts the chiefeſt treaſure!
Wealth, Honour, Pleaſure, are no more, we find,
But handſome Pages to his Nobler mind.

Upon the Nobly minded, and moſt pious Gentlewoman, Mrs. *Mary Williams*, daughter to that worthy Gentleman, *Thomas Gwyn* of the *Hay*-Caſtle, Eſq;

Sæcula Phœnices nulla tulere duos.

FReſh is the morn, the Maiden-head of day.
Sweet are the flowers which breath perfumes in *May*.
Fair is the Roſe in *June*: ſo doth her heart
The ſweeteſt ornaments of grace impart:
Here Vertue ſits inthron'd, as if ſhe were
Contented only with her dwelling there:
Her alms and pious deeds beyond compare,
For her a ſeat in heaven do prepare:

And

And glorious heaven is the fitteſt place
To entertain ſo good a heart and face:
I wiſh, the Sun an hundred years may riſe
With joy to wait upon her brighter eyes.

Affliction.

Deus vulnerat carnem ut ſanet mentem.

WHen for delight I took the purer air,
I have obſerv'd ſweet Meadows green and fair
O'relaid with dung, which ſpoil'd the preſent grace
But afterwards it gave a better face:
Affliction makes one dark, but we may find,
It adds more gracious beauty to the mind.
Afflictions are Gods Skullions; and theſe muſt
Scoure and preſerve his houſhold ſtuff from ruſt;
They are his Maſons, which do ſmooth and ſquare
Stones for the Temple, which unpoliſht are:
The more the patient Camamile we tread,
The more it will by dilatation ſpread
The gentle fire, if often blown, will burn
With greater heat, and to more fury turn:
So Chriſtians by afflictions ſtronger grow,
They patience may no baſe ſubmiſſion ſhow.
When Chriſt was on the earth, they crown'd his head
With thorns, and made the wooden Croſs his bed,
They gave him vinegar and gall, when he
Did ſorely thirſt in his ſtrong agonie:
If that the King could have no better meat,
What dainties ſhall the beggar think to eat?
The Paſchal Lamb with bitter herbs was eaten,
If we are Chriſts, we ſurely ſhall be beaten.

The

The World.

Omnia vanitas.

THE World's a garden, which the fancy feeds,
And yields few wholsom herbs, but many weeds.
Fools may commend, and give a golden gloss
To things that glister, but indeed are dross.
When serious *I* consider in my cage
The strange Meanders of the present Age,
And see the chance and change of every thing
From the poor beggar to the richest King:
All worldly pleasures but false dreams *I* find,
Which may distract, but not content the mind.
Our life is short, our greatest riches vain,
Our wisdom folly, and our pleasure pain.
As wave on wave, so grief on grief doth fall,
One trouble doth another sorrow call.
Build on the Rock, if thou wilt safely stand:
He sinks, who builds upon deceitful sand.

The Remedy of Love.

NO woman lives, but in her eye
We may some moats or beams espy.
Thy *Helen* may be fair; but stay,
Thy *Helen* will the wanton play.
Thy *Celia* may be fair, but proud:
Crumena rich, but sharp and loud:
Eugenia may be full of wit,
But wisdom wants to temper it.
Lucetia may deserve thy love,
If vertue can affection move:

She's

She's fair within, but foul without;
And who would uſe a dirty clout?
A foul tripe may thy taſte annoy:
Eat Pheſants ſtill, they will thee cloy.
And thus no Beauty is ſo cleer,
But ſtorms in it, and clouds appear.
Some foul diſeaſe, ſome grievous pain
May *Celia's* bluſhing roſes ſtain;
Or age with furrows will diſgrace
The pleaſant meadow of her face.
Conſider then; be ſick no more,
Since reaſon may thy health reſtore:
If beauty doth ſo quickly paſs,
Oh ſeek a richer pearl than glaſs;
That precious Beauty, which expels
All clouds of grief, in heaven dwels:
There fix thy mind, and thou ſhalt ſee
What imperfections women be.

Judas his Kiſs.

Judas did with a Kiſs his Lord betray:
Many ſeem friends, when they the Traitors play.
Judas was proud, and kiſt our Saviours face;
Preſumption brought him to th' infernal place.
Mary did kiſs Chriſts feet; which humble kiſs
Exalted her to the celeſtial bliſs.
Judas and *Mary* kiſt him; both we find
Alike in lips, but much diſlike in mind,
God weighs the heart; whom we can never move
By outward actions, without inward love.

Upon the most learned Gentleman, Doctor *Aurelius Williams*, Dr. of Physick.

SOme writers hold, which is most strange to me,
There may of souls a transmigration be.
If it be so, *I* swear, that *Galen* is
Reviv'd in him by *Metampsychosis*.
A thousand more than dy'd, Death thought to kill,
Had Death not been prevented by his skill.

Upon a drunken Woman.

WOuld'st thou a Monster, or a Devil see?
Or else in Nature some sad Prodigie?
Then on a drunken Woman cast thine eye,
All those are seen in her deformity.

The Priesthood.

Τὶς πρὸς ταυτα ἱκανος.

'TWas *Jeroboam's* practice, and his sport,
Priests to elect out of the baser sort.
As it was in those dayes of old: so now
They have full orders, which no order know.
Drones, knaves, and fools, for Church-preferment look,
Those fish, and catch it with a silver hook.
Such Workmen in Christs Vineyard, will, I fear,
More shame the work, than help good labourers there.
The Priesthood is a holy, Sacred thing,
Deriv'd from Christ, both Prophet, Priest, and King.

This pearl is fit for Merchants, that can tell
The uſe thereof, and know the value well.
Let not this rich and precious oyle be ſhed,
Or pour'd on any, but wiſe *Aaron*'s head.
The wiſe men came with reverence to Chriſts ſtable.
But fools will come without it to his table.
Thoſe muſt have perfect eyes that guide the blind.
Who ſin corrects, ſhould have the pureſt mind.
Thoſe muſt have skill in Muſick, that can ſing
One of the Songs of *Sion* to the King:
Chriſt once had need, but cannot now abide
Unto the Temple on an Aſs to ride:
God doth inflame his Prieſts with Sacred fire,
And them he doth with different gifts inſpire:
Some wound, ſome heal our ſores; ſome weep, ſome ſing.
Some thunder Judgements; ſome glad-tydings bring.
No Souldier will prepare himſelf to fight,
Unleſs the Warlick Trumpet ſoundeth right:
Then Prelate be not raſh t' impoſe thy hand,
The Holy Ghoſt is not at thy command.

The Merciful Samaritane.

NO balm from *Gilead*, no Phyſitian can
Heal me, but Chriſt the true *Samaritan*.
When I am ſick, and when my wounds are foul,
He hath his oyle and wine to cleanſe my ſoul.
My ſins the thieves, which wounded me, have bin,
Help, Lord, conduct me to thy peaceful Inn.

The poor Widows mite.

OUR Saviour did prefer the Widows mite
Before the rich mens gifts: God takes deligh-
More

More in the heart, than hands; and he doth measure
How great our love is, not how much our treasure.
Give all thy full possessions, but thy love,
Thy gift will an abomination prove.
Love makes cold water wine, small actions great,
And without love no bounty is compleat.

Upon the sad departure of the right reverend Father in God, and the most learned Prelate, *William Nicolson*, from *Caermarthin* in *South-Wales*, to his Bishopick of *Glocester*.

Sol vespertinas discedens duplicat umbras.
Quanta sed abscessum est umbra sequuta tuum?

THE light which did direct us, will appear,
Or shine no more in our dark Hemisphear.
We lost a Shepherd, which could wisely keep
The Fox and Wolf from preying on the sheep.
His Catechism is in doctrine sound,
In language sweet, in learning most profound.
This he hath left behind him; and we look
On nothing more than on his serious book:
He made his Farewel-Sermon: ne're was known
More grief, than now in Prophet *Merlin*'s town.
He utter'd many words; unless fame lyes,
More tears by far flow'd from the peoples eyes.
For *Glocesters* Reformation, God thought fit
To use his faithful pains, and holy wit.
And if he can by wholesome doctrine bring
These in obedience to the Church and King,

It will a greater miracle be thought,
Than any of the old Apoſtles wrought:
His godly preſence doth make others live
In peaceful joy; his abſence makes us grieve.

Upon the much honoured Gentleman, *John Delahay* of *Allrynis*, Eſq;

Conſpicuæ virtutis amor dominatur in illo
Non magnus fieri, ſed ſtudet eſſe bonus.

AN old Philoſopher with a Candle ran
About the ſtreets to find an honeſt man.
Had he liv'd now, and met with him, I ſwear
He had been pleas'd to ſtay his journey there.
Or if he had refuſed him for one,
He might in vain through all the world have gone.

Upon the Worſhipful *Milborn Williams* Eſq; Son to that moſt excellent Knight, Sir *Henry Williams* of *Gwernivet*.

Magnorum haudquaquam indignus avorum.

'TIs my ambition to remember thoſe
Whoſe vertuous minds their actions do diſcloſe.
Some men, like owls, cannot behold the light,
Nor judge of colours, be they black or white:
Such I neglect, and write of thoſe who can
Diſcern a Picture from a living man.
His knowledge is not weak, nor judgment dull,
But ſtrong, and bright, like *Cynthia* in the full.

His

His gentle nature is ſo free, ſo fair,
So full of ſweetneſs, as the purer air:
He bears an humble mind, and knoweth well,
That by ambition holy Angels fell.
He was ſo zealous for the Kingly cauſe,
As old Judge *Jenkins* for the Kingdoms Laws.
To number the bright ſtars, requires leſs pains,
Than all the vertues which his heart contains.
To cut his thred of life, when Fates agree,
A great Eclipſe in *Brecknock-ſhire* will be.

DEATH.

Omnibus hæc calcanda viâ eſt.

WElcom (ſweet Death) *I* love thy cold embrace:
The rich, and bad cannot endure thy face.
Life is a paſſage unto Death; and Death
An entrance into life: When mortal breath
Is once expir'd; to live then we begin,
Which life ſecures us both from death and ſin.
Conceive a precious pearl involv'd in clay,
Which can its luſtre by no means diſplay:
So doth the brighter ſoul impriſon'd lie
In this black dungeon of obſcurity:
Nor ſhall its glory ſhine, until 'tis free
From the dark clouds of dull mortality.
To come into the world, one way we have;
A thouſand ways to haſten to the grave.
The day of Death is ſecret kept, that we
Might every day ſuſpect that day to be.
As *I* am not aſham'd to live, ſo *I*
Can never truly be afraid to die.
O Death! O watchful Death! thou look'ſt for me:
I am prepar'd, O Death! and look for thee.

Magnæ

Magnæ honestatis & virtutis viro *Thomæ Williams* Armigero, Causidico longe optimo: Canticum familiare.

Vir egregie, mundum vides,
Nec non inconstantiam vides:
Quanta est mutatio rerum?
Nihil tenax, nihil verum.

Hodiè regnans in pallatio,
Debellatur brevi spatio:
Hodie Princeps in honore,
Cras est servus in timore.

Transit nubes fiat morâ,
Transit vitæ brevis hora:
Citò fracta est aquæ bulla,
Diù manet ætas nulla.

Nos imbelles nihil sumus,
Nisi umbra, nisi fumus,
Dum in terris ambulamus,
Ad sepulchrum properamus.

Ambio nullos ego honores,
Multi premunt me dolores:
Plorans, tristis hîc anhelo,
Nemo felix, nisi in cœlo.

Simeon's

Simeon's Song:

Lord, now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace, according to thy word.

SOme, when they die blaſpheme, and ſome are mad;
Some curſe and ſwear, ſome deſperate are, ſome ſad:
But no diſtraction racks the juſt mans mind,
No ſtrange conceits his underſtanding blind,
Out of this life ſo God his ſervant calls,
As when the Infant into ſlumber falls.
When *Simeon* had enricht his bleſſed eyes
With ſeeing Chriſt, the world he did deſpiſe:
He dy'd in peace; and like a Swan did ſing
Before his death, an Anthem to the King.
Chriſt like a Lamb did die: whilſt you have breath,
Pray for a quiet and a peaceful death.

Upon the Worſhipful, and much deſerving Gentleman, *John Jeffreys* of *Abercunrick* Eſquire.

——*Nondum mutatus ab illo*
Hectore, qui quondam.

CAn ſilence fit the preſent ſtage, or dare
Our tongues be ſilent, where ſuch merits are?
His actions are too great, too good to lie
Under a buſhel in obſcurity.
He was not Linſey-woolſey, or content
To be compos'd of King and Parliament:

He was moſt loyal, and could not diſpence
With ſuch baſe freedom to his conſcience,
As to neglect his King: he hath a heart,
From whence tranſparent beams of Vertue dart:
After ſad years of cruel ſtorms and wind,
He ſhall a Haven, and a Heaven find.

The Gardener.

She ſuppoſing him to be the Gardener, ſaid unto him, Joh. 20.

MARY prevents the day; ſhe roſe to weep,
And ſee the bed, where Jeſus lay aſleep.
She found out whom ſhe ſought; but doth not know
Her Maſters face; he is the Gardener now.
This Gardener *Edens* Garden did compoſe,
For which the chiefeſt Plants and Flowers he choſe.
He took great care to have ſweet Rivers run
To enrich the ground, where he his work begun.
He is the Gardener ſtill, and knoweth how
To make the Lilies and the Roſes grow.
He knows the time to ſet, when to remove
His living plants to make them better prove.
He hath his pruning knife, when we grow wild,
To tame our nature, and make us more mild:
He curbs his deareſt children: when 'tis need,
He cuts his choyceſt Vine, and makes it bleed.
He weeds the poiſonous herbs, which clog the ground.
He knows the rotten hearts, he knows the ſound.
The bleſſed Virgin was the pleaſant bower,
This Gardener lodg'd in his appointed hour:
Before his birth his Garden was the womb,
In death he in a Garden choſe his Tomb.

Ga-

Copernicus his opinion confirm'd.

Copernicus his fancy may hold good,
The earth did only move, the heavens ſtood.
So earth and houſes wheeling round about,
And changing Climats, found new Maſters out.

The Changes.

Tempora mutantur, nos & mutamur in illis.

THe painful Bee, which to her hive doth bring
Sweet honey, in her tail retains a ſting.
Our ſweeteſt joyes are interlin'd with cares,
No field of corn, but hath ſome choaking tares.
The ſtream, which doth with ſilent motion ſlide,
Is oftentimes diſturb'd with wind and tide.
Who ſits to day in Honours lap, and ſings,
God ſoon can change his tune, and clip his wings.
Sometimes the Sea doth ebb, and ſometimes flow,
Now with, anon againſt the tide we row;
No haven's ſo ſecure, but ſome ill blaſt
May toſs the ſhip, and break the ſtately Maſt:
Who now in Court doth dance, and lift his head,
To morrow droops, and ſickly keeps his bed,
The King may beg, and beggars may command,
High Cedars fall, when little ſhrubs do ſtand.
The ſweeteſt comfort I do feel, or find,
Though fortune change, is not to change my mind.

The Hour-glaſs.

Inter ſpemq́ metumq́ timores inter & iras
Omnem crede diem tibi diluxiſſe ſupremum.

OUR time conſumes like ſmoke, and poſts away,
Nor can we treaſure up a month or day.
The ſand within the tranſitory glaſs
Doth haſte, and ſo our ſilent minutes paſs.
Conſider how the lingring hour-glaſs ſends
Sand after ſand, until the ſtock it ſpends.
Year after year we do conſume away,
Until our debt to Nature we do pay.
Old age is full of grief: the life of man
(If we conſider) is but like a ſpan
Stretcht from a ſwollen hand: the more extent
It is by ſtrength, the more the pains augment.
Deſire not to live long, but to live well,
How long we live not years, but actions tell.

Pride, and Humility.

Humilis deſcendendo aſcendit, ſuperbus aſcendendo deſcendit.

WHat pride poſſeſſeth man, that is but clay
Which muſt diſſolve, and melt like ye away?
What frothy barm of ſelf-conceit and love,
Doth puff his heart, and ſuch high fancies move?
Who doth preſume to climb the higheſt wall,
Will ſooneſt ſlip, and catch the heavieſt fall.
Proud men have fallen from their ſtately chairs,
And falling once, have tumbled down the ſtairs.

The

The shrubs are most secure, and free from wind,
When lofty trees a strong resistance find.
Behold the twig, which gently bends and bows,
When stubborn Oaks are broken, stands and grows.
Vertue is sooner found in Cotts and Cells,
Than in great Courts, where pride and envy dwells;
A contrite heart, (O Lord) a bended knee,
Like sweet perfume, shall at thy Altar be.

Christs Resurrection-day: *or* Easter.

AS when through misty clouds and troubled air
The Sun breaks forth, and makes the heavens fair;
So Christ the glorious Bridegroom, came this day
Out of his Chamber, where he secret lay;
The brighter Sun is up, whose pleasant rayes
Do bless the earth with good and happy dayes;
Display thy warmer beams, and to my heart
More fervent heat of zeal and love impart;
Death could not kill, or conquer life; nor might
The thickest darkness comprehend the light;
Had he bin still interr'd, then we had bin
For ever slaves to Satan, Death, and Sin;
The *Jews* to keep him there, (O fond conceit)
Roul'd to his grave a stone of heavy weight;
His body pierc't the stone, but was not able
To pierce their hearts far more impenetrable!
He could remove vast Mountains with his Word,
And in the Sea to them a grave afford;
The Mountain of my sins from me remove,
And drown them (Lord) in thy deep Sea of Love;
This joyful morning at the break of day
Our Saviour rose, and left his bed of clay:
Awake betimes (my soul) from slumber free,
And leave thou sin, before that sin leaves thee.

The

The Spring.

SEe how the wanton Spring
In green is clad,
Heark how the birds do ſing;
I'le not be ſad:
Doth not the bluſhing Roſe
Breath ſweet perfume?
I will my ſpice diſcloſe,
But not preſume:
The dew falls on the graſs,
And haſtes away,
Which makes me mind my glaſs
Which will not ſtay:
Now plants and herbs do grow
In every place,
Lord, let not me be ſlow
In growth of Grace:
Behold the fruitful trees
And fertil ground;
Obſerve the painful Bees,
Whoſe hives abound;
I will not barren be,
Nor waſte my dayes
Like ſluggards, that are free
From vertuous wayes.

The Poets Soliloquy.

WHy do I droop, like flowers oppreſt with rain?
What cloud of ſorrow doth my colour ſtain?

I like a Sparrow on the houſe alone
Do ſit, and like a Dove I mourn and groan:
Doth diſcontent, or ſad affliction bind,
And ſtop the freedom of my Nobler mind?
No, no, I know the cauſe; I do retire,
To quench old flames, and kindle better fire:
It is my comfort to eſcape the rude
And ſluttiſh trouble of the multitude:
Flowers, rivers, woods, the pleaſant air and wind,
With Sacred thoughts, do feed my ſerious mind:
My active ſoul doth not conſume with ruſt,
I have been rub'd, and now are free from duſt.
Let moderation rule my penſive way;
Students may leave their books, and ſometimes play.

I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life, *Joh.* 14. 6.

Via in exemplo, veritas in promiſſo, vita in præmio.

CHriſt is the Way, which leads to heavens joy.
He is the Truth, which errours can deſtroy:
He is the Life, which raiſeth up the dead,
He is the Way, Truth, Life unlimited:
The way is narrow, ſtrive to enter in,
The Truth is pure to cleanſe our ſouls from ſin,
If we do walk this Way, this Truth maintain,
Eernal life is ours, exempt from pain;
This is the Way without all rubs of grief,
This is the Truth which claims a juſt belief:
Here is the Life which conquer'd death and ſin,
Truth, Life is ours, if we the way be in:

The

The Truth informs us, and the Way doth gulde;
The Life rewards us, if we conſtant bide.
Follow this Way; embrace this Truth; deſire
This Life, the crown of Saints in Heavens quire.

Thankfulneſs.

Aſcenſus gratiarum, eſt deſcenſus gratiæ.

IN thee *I* have my being, live and move,
Who art the King of glory, and of love:
From thy rich ſtorehouſe of delight and pleaſure
I do receive my joy, my gifts, and treaſure:
Who gives me bread to ſtrengthen me, and wine
To glad my heart? who made my ſoul divine?
Who gave me wiſdom, or ſpiritual eyes,
Good to diſcern from bad, and Truth from lyes?
Who doth direct my ways, but thou my King,
Which art the Fountain whence all vertues ſpring?
What ſhall *I* render thee? *I* have no more
Than what's thine own, thy riches are my ſtore:
If thou (ſweet Lord) wilt not my Heart diſdain,
Thou gav'ſt it me, I give it thee again.

The Holy Maid:

Dum fugio homines, invenio angelos; & nunquam minùs ſola quàm cùm ſola.

I Am reſolv'd, no fond deſire
Shall kindle in me *Cupids* fire:
No amorous toyes, no wanton kiſs
Shall rob me of eternal bliſs,

I'll write, I'll read, I'll ſpin, I'll pray,
To drive vain thoughts of Love away.
A ſilent Cloyſter, which is free
From change and chance, beſt pleaſeth me:
When *I* do not converſe with men,
I ſpeak with God, and Angels then.
I will not wear a rich attire
Of gold or ſilk, to ſet on fire
Beholders eyes: The care *I* find,
Moſt needful, is to dreſs my mind.
No cunning Lover ſhall beguile,
Or win me with a gift, or ſmile:
I will accept no pretty thing,
As Ribans, Gloves, a Watch, or Ring.
Weak man's eſtate, as in a glaſs,
Is truly ſeen in fading graſs:
The choiſeſt Man, the faireſt Roſe,
Will languiſh, and perfection loſe.
And yet *I* am in love: but where?
My love aſcends a higher ſphere;
Where honor, beauty, pleaſures be
Inthron'd, and full of conſtancie.
My Beloved's white and ruddy,
My red ſins made him all bloody:
His head is like fine gold, moſt free
From droſs, and all impurity:
His gracious eyes are like Doves eyes;
And in his cheeks compoſed lies
A bed of ſpices and flowers ſweet,
Where all perfumes together meet:
His mouth breathes roſes; and no bliſs
Can equal his delicious kiſs.
But ſee, where my Beloved lies,
And courts me with his dying eyes:
He ſpreads his arms me to embrace;
Who would not love ſo ſweet a face?

Rich

Rich drops of blood, like rubies fall,
To ranſom my poor ſoul from thrall:
The Croſs my pillow, and my bed
Shall be his Grave to reſt my head.
All ſweets are ſour, all fair perfections foul,
Compar'd with Chriſt, the Bridegroom of my ſoul.

In laudem Comitatus Herefordienſis.

Hic benè natus eram, non benè notus eram.

Hæc tellus pleno diteſcit munere cœli,
Nec magè fructiferas dat Paradiſus opes.
Optima quinque bonis floreſcunt commoda terris,
Unda, & ſilva frequens, fœmina, lana, ſeges:
Vitro ſplendidior lucido fluit unda ſalubris,
Quæ fœlix multo piſce notatur aqua:
Dant vividas campis turgentia flumina veſtes,
Wy, Lug, *ſunt patriæ flumina prima meæ:*
Hic quercus Jovis arbor adeſt, quâ ſcindimus æquor,
Nobilitat varios plurima ſilva locos:
Hic eſt invocuæ tam præſtans forma puellæ,
Verteret ut Monachos in nova vota pios:
Non præbet tibi tam pretioſam Hiſpania lanam,
Qualia dives opum vellera Lemſter *habet:*
Diverſo telum componit tramite bombyx,
Cùm vidit ſanam hanc, negligit illud opus:
Alma Ceres creſcit, gravidiſque laborat ariſtis,
Nec datur in toto copia parca ſolo:
Panem hic tam placidum comedas, ut credere poſſes
Mannam de ſummo vel cecidiſſe polo:
Tentarent Evam fulgentia poma: per agros
Creſcit pomorum luxurioſa proles:
Hic Sicera in cenvio non poſtponenda Lyæo,
Quam Nectar magni credo fuiſſe Jovis.

Hæc

Hæc gens fidelis, gaudens virtute; laboris
Experiens, fortis, blanda, jocosa, sagax:
Hospitio gaudet populus studiosus amoris,
Et colit antiquum Religionis opus.
Musa silere jubet; nunquam imbecillia sonabit
Ex merito laudes buccina nostra tuas.

Come unto me all you that labour and are heavy laden, and I will ease you, Matthew 11.28.

Clamat Diabolus; *Venite ad me, & ego interficiam.*

Clamat Mundus; *Venite ad me, & ego deficiam.*

Clamat Caro; *Venite ad me, & ego inficiam.*

Clamat Christus; *Venite ad me, & ego reficiam.*

NOt *Gilead's* Balm, no Pool in *Siloam*,
Not *David's* Hyssop, and no Angel can
Or blessed Saint in heaven cure the soul,
When sin hath made it, like a Leper, foul:
Christ is our Balsom; and we have no Tree,
Whose leaves do Nations heal, but only he.
Our Saviours sacred blood speaks better things
Than *Abels* blood, and greater comfort brings:
Gods anger was incens'd when *Abel* dy'd,
Our Saviours blood his anger pacifi'd:
The blood of *Abel* did for vengeance call;
Christs blood for love, and mercy to us all:
Just *Abels* blood cry'd once, and cry'd no more;
Our Saviours blood cries still; God hath in store

A Sea of mercies, if we do depend
On Chriſt our loving Bridegroom, and our Friend:
He makes the lame to walk, the blind to ſee,
The ſad to ſing for joy, the pris'ner free.
Come all that labour: Bleſſed is the man,
That hath ſome oil from this *Samaritan.*
Come, not by ſtrength of legs or feet, but mind;
By prayers, not by ſteps, if reſt you'll find:
Mount with the wings of prayer, and aſcend
Gods holy hill, where pleaſures never end.

The Hypocrite:

Monumentum ſpecioſum.

THe Hypocrite, his face, his words, his mind
Into a thouſand forms and ſhapes can wind:
This weather-cock with every blaſt can turn,
And he had rather change his faith, than burn:
He cares not how, ſo he may fill his diſh,
He can in cleer, and troubled waters fiſh.
He love proteſts, where he doth deadly hate;
His words will run like oil, and break your pate.
If men do hunt the Fox, he'll ſhout and cry,
'Tis fit the Fox, which kill'd the lambs, ſhould die:
But if the Fox ſits in the chair of State,
The Fox ſhall have his love, the Lamb his hate.
If here the *Turk* ſhould reign, this man alone
Would ſell his Bible for an Alcharon.
I'll ſpeak no more of dung; my heart is free
From the baſe leaven of Hypocriſie.

Chaſtity

Chaſtity.

A Woman chaſte, is like a Meadow fair,
Enricht with pleaſant flowers, and ſweeteſt air.
Then (woman) lock thy privy chamber; be
A fountain ſeal'd, not to all comers free.
If thou art rich, ſell not thy ſelf for pleaſure;
If thou art poor, ſell not thy ſelf for treaſure.
Make not thy ſelf a Common; it is found,
There's better paſture in incloſed ground.

Predeſtination:

Occulta eſſe cauſa poteſt, injuſta eſſe non poteſt.

DIſpute not why ſome Angels ſtood,
And others fell, which were by nature good:
Diſpute not, wherefore God doth take and chuſe
Some to his grace, and others doth refuſe:
The potter doth of the ſame lump of clay
Make veſſels ſome more baſe, and ſome more gay;
And ſhall we queſtion Gods moſt ſecret will,
Why his own creatures he doth ſave or kill?
Who's ſav'd, or damn'd, none knows: who look
Into the Lords Predeſtination-book?
The ſigns or ſymptoms which Election prove,
Are lively faith, and undefiled love.
I will ſerve God, and ſhake off ſinful ſlumber,
Who knows but *I* am of th' elected number?

The Poets Condition:

Eſt Deus in nobis, agitante caleſcimus illo.

A Poet, and rich? that ſeems to be
A paradox moſt ſtrange to me.
A Poet, and poor? that Maxim's true,
If we obſerve the Canting crue.
What lands had *Randolph*, or great *Ben*,
That plow'd much paper with his pen?
Wiſe *Chaucer*, as old Records ſay,
Had never but his length of clay:
And by ſome men *I* have been told,
That *Cleaveland* had more brains than gold.
Shew me a Poet, and I'll ſhew thee
An Emblem of rich poverty:
An hundred Verſes, though divine,
Will never buy one pint of wine.
I have a purſe as free within
From gold, as Heaven is from ſin;
And ſilver thinks, *I* do it wrong,
If *I* impriſon it too long.
My purſe no conſtant meaſure knows,
But like the Sea it ebbs and flows;
And as my purſe doth riſe or fall,
So *I* do rule my ſenſes all.
When *I* have ſilver or pure gold,
I am moſt brave, divine, and bold;
And then *I* do not hold it fit
That any ſhould outvie m' in wit:
But when theſe birds have taken wing,
I cannot crack a jeſt, nor ſing:
All mirth and muſick *I* deteſt,
And mad *Orlando*, *Mortuus eſt*.

But ſtay; *I* think no worldly gain
So ſweet as a Poetick vein:
No grief diſturbs a Poets head,
No diſcontent frequents his bed:
When riches ebb, my wits do flow,
The rich are dull, and nothing know.
I have a heart, *I* have a mind
More quick in motion than the wind;
And through the twelve Signs *I* can run
By thought, more ſwiftly than the Sun.
I know the motion of the Stars,
Which are for peace, which are for wars:
If *I* the *Aſtrolabium* take,
I know their height without miſtake:
I know without all doubt or wonder,
The cauſe of lightning and of thunder:
What weather will be, *I* deſcry
By the complexion of the sky.
The vertues of each plant or tree,
Of flowers and herbs, are known to me.
I good and evil Angels know,
And can their ſtrength and order ſhow:
But (O my God) *I* know thee beſt,
When *I* confeſs *I* know thee leaſt.
Thus *I*, when *I* am poor and bare,
By meditations baniſh care.
Then judge, which is the greateſt curſe,
An empty head, or empty curſe.

Upon *Peter* Fiſhing.

DO'ſt fiſh in the deep ſea? 'tis Chriſts command,
That thou ſhouldſt rather fiſh upon dry land.
Thou art a Fiſher, not of fiſh, but men:
Conſider how to catch them, where, and when.

He that will fiſh for men, the only hook
Which he muſt uſe, muſt be the holy book:
The Scripture is the net, which drags great ſtore
From Seas of troubles, to the bleſſed ſhore.

To the fond Lover.

——*Eſt forma fugax, eſt famina fallax.*

BE reſolute, (fond youth) and free
From courting her, which loves not thee:
Strange paſſions rule a Lovers brain,
Now tears, then ſmiles; now joy, then pain:
Now hope doth rule, then black deſpair,
Now he exclaims, then calls her fair;
He ſometimes doth Gods aid implore,
But loves, and calls on *Cælia* more:
No joy, no wealth, no worldly bliſs,
May be compar'd with *Cælia's* kiſs:
But we may ſeek, and find as well,
Moſt perfect reſt and eaſe from hell,
As to derive our Paradiſe
From any womans wanton eyes:
We ſhall for honey look in vain
From a foul neſt of waſps to gain.
Cælia cheats with her falſe treaſure,
Guilding pains and death with pleaſure.
She is a wavering, fickle toy,
None is more fond, none is more coy.
If thou art ſtrange, then ſhe is free,
If free thou art, ſhe's ſtrange to thee;
She will reject, if thou doſt chuſe,
She will affect, if thou refuſe.
If thou art yce, then ſhe is fire,
Burn thou, and ſhe will quench deſire;

When

When thou art kind, then she will frown,
When thou disdain'st, she is thine own;
She laughs, and weeps, she's kind, and sour,
She grants, denies, all in an hour;
Her bitter frowns, her sweetest smiles,
Are all compos'd of snares and wiles.
She paints an outward face of love,
Where she will most a tyrant prove;
And sometimes she pretends to hate,
Where her sick soul is captivate;
What she desires to scorn she fains,
And seems to wish, what she disdains:
Thus a poor Lover knows not well,
Whether he is in heaven, or hell.
Then fix thy love on Christ thy Rock,
Not on a wavering Weather-cock.

The Presbyterian Covenanter.

THE Presbyterian, as wise men may see,
Hath little knowledge, less of honesty.
He is both Fool, and Knave; or such another
As wicked *Cain* was, who did kill his brother.
He's lately come to *England* with a story
Of a new Pamphlet, call'd a *Directory*:
His Cloak is something short, his looks demure,
His heart is rotten, when his words are pure,
His mind is carried with a headlong tide
Of self-will, worldly love, presumptuous pride.
He's sick of late; a vomit may do well,
Oaths, Covenants, Treasons, from his heart t'expel.
In this our Land this Presbyterian brat,
Like *Pharaoh*'s lean kine, hath devour'd the fat;

In

In *Scotland* he was bred, a place too wild
To breed an honeſt, or a civil child:
Let *Presbyterians* be to *Scotland* ſent,
I wiſh them no more plague, or puniſhment.
Than pleaſant flowers will in Gods garden ſprout,
When theſe unwholſom weeds are rooted out.

Upon the young, moſt beautiful, and moſt ingenuous Gentlewoman, Mrs. *Mary Carne*, Daughter to the gallant Gentleman Mr. *Thomas Carne* Eſq; once of *Bro-Caſtle*,

IT is a ſtrange and wondrous thing,
To ſee ripe *Autumn* in the Spring;
He ſcarcely lives, that ever ſaw
Fruit the ſame time both ripe and raw.
As ſtrange a thing we may behold
In her ſo young, in her ſo old:
She is a tender Child in years,
In wit a Matron ſhe appears.
Obſerve her growth, ſhe is but ſmall;
Obſerve her wit, ſhe is moſt tall.
Here Nature ſeems to rob Old age,
By making Childhood grave and ſage.
So cleer a Morning doth betray
And ſpeak the fairneſs of the day:
So ſweet a Bud doth well diſcloſe
We may expect a fragrant Roſe.
As ſhe within is free from droſs,
So Nature gave her ſuch a gloſs
Of gracious Beauty, that we have
Nothing, except her Mind, ſo brave.
If Nature's ſtock were wholly ſpent,
Here Beauty might again be lent

T' enrich

T'enrich the world, becauſe that ſhe
Hath Beauty's ſole Monopoly:
She like a lively Spring oreflows,
And daily in perfection grows.

The Leper.

I Am a filthy Leper, from my head
Unto the foot, with ſcurf of ſin o'reſpread:
I want no art, or help to cleanſe my skin;
The ſtream may waſh my body, not my ſin.
Lord, let the *Jordan* of thy grace reſtore
My perfect health, and let me ſin no more.

An Epitaph upon my beloved Daughter Suſanna Watkyns, *who was born upon* Aſhwedneſday, 1655. *and dyed the* 5. *of* Auguſt, 1658.

HEre lies a pleaſant Roſe, raſh Death thought good
To take, and crop it in the tender bud:
God is a Husbandman, who doth remove
His younger plants, to make them better prove.
She for her mornings work ſhall have her pay
Equal with thoſe that labour'd all the day.
Aſhwedneſday ſhe was born; for her *I* mone,
Becauſe ſhe is ſo ſoon to Aſhes gone.

Hic noſter dolor eſt, hic noſtri germen amoris;
Hic Roſa, flos campi, gemma ſepulta jacet.

Upon the moſt pious, and learned Work, intituled, Davids Harp ſtrung and tuned; *being a brief Analyſis of* Davids *Pſalms, with devout Prayers and Meditations on each Pſalm: Compoſed by that Orthodox, moſt learned, and excellently qualified Prelate,* William Nicolſon, *Lord Biſhop of* Glouceſter.

WHen *David* on his skilful Harp did play,
Saul was refreſht, the Devil fled away.
Sure *David* with the Harp did ſing a *Pſalm*,
Which did King *Saul*'s fanatick nature calm.
The *Pſalms* are *Davids* Harp now plaid upon,
And tun'd by *Englands* chief Muſition.
He handles *Davids* Harp, and playes ſo well,
That where 'tis heard, no ſad diſtractions dwell;
With the wiſe Prophet, he doth well diſpence
By clearing, not by changing of the ſence.
Have you obſerv'd, how the laborious Bee
Doth feed on flowers of all varietie,
And thence pure honey doth extract, and we
Receive much profit from her Treaſurie?
So he hath travel'd through the fruitful field
Of *Davids Pſalms*, which like rich flowers, do yield
Pleaſure and profit to judicious men,
Who will admire the ſweetneſs of his pen.
On every *Pſalm* each holy Meditation
And Prayer, merits heavens approbation.
Who meditates or prayes ſo well as he,
From ſin, from Satan, and from hell is free.
Here thou may'ſt learn to write, and learn to pray;
Here thou may'ſt learn to think on heavens way.

Upon

Upon a most pious and learned Exposition of the Apostles Creed, *by the same right reverend Father in God,* William Nicolson, *Lord Bishop of* Glouceſter.

HE that deſires to tract the Sacred way
Which leads to heaven, ſoon ſhall go aſtray;
Unleſs he hath a perfect rule or line,
Safely to guide him through all paths divine.
All is involved in th' Apoſtles Creed,
Which ſinners do unto ſalvation need:
Twelve Articles of faith the Creed contains,
Which are explain'd by his laborious pains.
He lean'd with *John*, on Chriſts own boſome: thence
He ſuckt deep knowledge; which he doth diſpence
Unto the world: to open heavens door,
Uſe but this key, and you ſhall want no more.

The two Books above mentioned, written by the Biſhop of Glouceſter, *are to be ſold at the Crown in* Fleet-ſtreet

Ambition exemplified in the Parable, Judg. 9.

THe trees would chuſe a King: they all agree,
The Olive ſhould their King elective be.
The Olive would not her rich fatneſs leeſe
To be promoted over all the trees.
The Vine would not be King to loſe her wine,
Which doth all hearts rejoice, all wits refine;
The Fig-tree much did of her ſweetneſs boaſt,
And would not reign to have her ſweetneſs loſt.

At laſt the Bramble doth intrude, and would
(Though moſt unfit) the Royal Scepter hold.
With vain ambition thoſe do never ſwell,
In whom high gifts of grace and nature dwell.
Ambition ſpurs the bad, by ſome ſad fate,
Who many times uſurp the Chair of State.
To row their Boats for wind and tide they watch,
And at Promotion, like the Bramble, catch.
Ambition moves me not; my ſelf I yield
To be the meaneſt flower in all the field;
Yet from preferment I'le not turn aſide,
Nor go on foot, when God doth bid me ride.

The Concluſion.

THeſe Poems ſo compendious, I preſume,
No time, no fire, nor envy ſhall conſume.
Thoſe *Hero's* writ of in this Book, ſhall be
A Preſident to all Poſterity:
Nature a ſhort life gave them, this will give
A ſecond birth, and make them ever live.

BReconium quondam veteres coluere Silures,
Terra bona eſt, mala gens, litigioſa, ſagax
Hîc domus eſt anguſta mihi cum ſtramine tecta;
Paſtor ſum templi (Barnace ſancte) tui
Sed natale ſolum eſt fœlix Herefordia: longâ
Villâ ſub nigro Monteq; natus eram.

PRO-

Proverbial Sentences.

1.

A Hood makes not a learned Monk; they err,
Who think, a Beard makes a Philosopher.

2.

Some cross the Seas to gain more wit; we find
They only change the air, but not the mind.

3.

All is not gold that glisters: painted glass,
With fools and children, for true pearl may pass.

4.

Who riseth up, and prays not; turns the light,
Or natural day, into spiritual night.

5.

Ice will convert to water; Man to dust;
Young men may die; but Old men, die they must.

6.

Be merry, Maids; you cannot Husbands lack;
For every *Gill* there is an equal *Jack*.

7.

A man which falleth in a dirty way,
The fouler is, the longer there he'll stay.

8.

An hundred weight of sorrow will not pay
One pound of debt to clear the Serjeants way.

9.

He that hath many children, it is known
That all his morsels cannot be his own.

10.

He that hath ſpice enough within his fiſt,
His cup of drink may ſeaſon, as he liſt.

11.

Who hath a Fox to be his mate, muſt ſet,
Or at his girdle hang a conſtant net.

12.

Who hath one Hog, doth make him fat; and he
Who hath one Son, makes him a fool to be.

13.

Who lets his wife go unto every feaſt,
And lets his horſe of every water taſte;
He ſhews but little wit; for all his life,
He'll have a horſe that's bad, and ſo a wife.

14.

Who hath the better game, doth fear the end:
Who hath the worſe, doth hope the game may mend.

15.

If that thou do'ſt deſire to know a Knave,
Give him a ſtaff, and let him power have.

16.

Who climbs the higheſt hill, above ſhall find
More frequent ſtorms, and greateſt force of wind.

17.

He pulls with a long rope, who firſt muſt wait
Anothers death, before he hath his bait.

18.

He that to market ſends an idle fool,
Muſt follow him, and let his porredge cool.

19.

Who hath a Wolf for his companion, can
Never do well without a Dog his man.

20.

A cheerful look doth much content a gueſt,
And makes a homely diſh a dainty feaſt.

21.

When holy Prayers at the Church are done,
Forſooth my Lady's ready then to come.

22.

An antient wiſe man's ſhadow, or his word,
Is better far than a young Coxcomb's ſword.

23.

Leave Jeſting; while it doth mens humors pleaſe,
If it to earneſt turns, 'tis a diſeaſe.

24.

Who doth to thee in love a Capon bring,
Beſtow on him again the leg or wing.

25.

Give to a Clown thy finger at command,
And by and by he'll take thee by the hand.

26.

Parents their children muſt correct behind,
And not before, if vicious faults they find.

27.

Snow that on earth in winter doth appear,
And long endures, foretells a happy year.

28.

Who hath not more of bread than needs, he muſt
Forbear to keep a dog to eat the cruſt.

29.

The Fox will ſwear, if grapes do hang too high,
They are unpleaſant to the taſte and eye.

30.

Although a Lye be neat, and finely dreſt,
Yet doth but ſeldom prove a welcom gueſt.

31.

Each man within his bed muſt ſtretch his feet
According to the length of rug or ſheet.

32.

Agues in *Autumn*, which the body move,
Do to the Patient long or mortal prove.

33.

Marry your ſon, when that you will: A man
Fit for your daughter find out, when you can.

34.

The fruitful Corn from chaff is clean'd by wind,
And by chaſtiſements is the Soul refin'd.

35.

The veriеſt fool at ſome time wiſe may be,
The wiſe from folly are not always free.

36.

In greateſt rivers greateſt fiſh are found;
Venture not much for gain, leſt you be drown'd.

37.

Let all our actions be moſt juſt and pure;
'Tis they, not others judgments us ſecure.

38.

Help thoſe in want: Alms never make one poor;
They do not leſſen, but increaſe thy ſtore.

39.

If thy own houſe is built or made of glaſs,
Throw not ſtones at thy neighbours; gently paſs.

40.

When I was born, I did lament and cry,
And now each day doth ſhew the reaſon why.

41.

That victory is greateſt, and moſt good,
Which is obtain'd without the price of blood.

42.

He that doth riſe betimes, and leaves his bed,
Hath ſome conception in his working head.

43.

Wiſh none to marry: Man and wife may jar,
And ne'r adviſe a friend to go to war.

44.

'Tis well that the wiſe hand performs not all
The fooliſh mouth doth utter forth and braul.

45. Who

45.

Who in the glaſs doth oft behold her face,
Hath little care to dreſs her dwelling place.

46.

An Aſs that carries me, I rather ride,
Than a proud Horſe, which throws me quite beſide.

47.

The cunning Fox of wiſdom hath great ſtore;
But he that catcheth him, hath ſomething more.

48.

The Lion (ſure) is not ſo fierce or ſtout,
As fooliſh men do paint or ſet him out.

49.

Say not, I am an Olive; till thou ſee
Me gather'd; then beſtow thy judgment free.

50.

He is a fool, that ſpends a whole years rent
At one meals meat, his palate to content.

51.

Let no man in his riches himſelf flatter:
Who drinketh wine, he may be glad of water.

52.

Bad Company is a diſeaſe;
Who lies with Dogs, ſhall riſe with fleas.

53.

Againſt high Heaven if thou ſpit'ſt diſgrace,
Thy ſpittle will fall down and foul thy face.

54.

Who in his pocket hath no money,
In his mouth he muſt have honey.

55.

A married man, if he my counſel take,
Will turn his fighting-ſtaff into a ſtake.

56.

If you could run, as faſt as drink; I dare
Be bold to ſay, you'd catch the nimbleſt Hare.

57.

The Maſter's eye, as it is alwayes found,
Doth fat the horſe, his foot doth fat the ground.

58.

When thou do'ſt chuſe a wife, or buy a Sword,
Truſt not thy brother, or thy neighbour's word.

59.

A lazy Jade will eat as much good meat,
As any horſe that is both ſwift and neat.

60.

When once the tree is fallen, which did ſtand,
Then every man will take his axe in hand.

61.

The little dogs do often ſtart the hare.
The great ones get her, and do better fare.

62.

The Willows are but weak, yet we find
They other wood, which ſtronger is, will bind.

63.

A Bean with freedom, is more ſweet to me,
Than any Comfit can in priſon be.

64.

Beware a bull before, a horſe behind:
A hypocrite on all ſides bad we find.

65.

The cholerick drinks, the melancholick eats,
The flegmatick ſtill ſleepeth after meats.

66.

Our children little make us fools, and glad,
When they are great ones, then they make us ſad.

67.

A Lawyers houſe (if I have rightly read)
Is built upon a fool or mad-man's head.

68.

No Church yard is ſo hanſome any where,
As will ſtraight move one to be buried there.

69.

Who like a fondling to his Wife tells news,
He hath not yet worne out his Marriage ſhoos.

70.

Some into lightning-fall by ſtrange miſhap,
Who newly did eſcape a Thunder-clap.

71.

Here is great talk of Turk and Pope: but I
Find that my neighbour doth more hurt than they.

72.

When Vice doth reign, a wicked friend doth well,
'Tis good to have ſome friends in heaven and hell.

73.

We batchelors do laugh until we ſhake,
You married men do laugh till your hearts ake.

To the Courteous

Reader.

THe God of love made plants and herbs to give
Their vertues humane nature to relieve.
The meaneſt ſimple, weeds, and poiſons have
Some power, which our imperfections crave.
To cure by Minerals is a curious Art,
Herbs with leſs danger, vertues do impart.
Behold this Looking-glaſs: In which thou'lt ſee
When thou art ſick, and when from ſickneſs free.
Accept of it: ſo ſmall a gift (I know)
Can no great bounty, but affection ſhow.

A *LOOKING-GLASSE* for the SICK:

OR,

The Cauſes and Symptoms, or ſigns of ſeveral Diſeaſes, With their Cures and Remedies.

Of the Head-ach cauſed by heat.

THIS is ingender'd by the burning heat
Of the warm Sun in Summer, or by great
And too much exerciſe; the fiery flame,
Anger, and hot diſeaſes cauſe the ſame.
The pain is great, ſtrong heat afflicts the head,
The skin is very dry, the eyes are red.

Uſe but a little meat, apt to diſgeſt,
And cold in operation, fiſh is beſt

From

From ſtony rivers: but you muſt reſtrain
From milk or meats which fums into the brain.
Oyle Omphacine with vinegar compound,
Which pour'd upon the head, great eaſe is found

Of the Head-ach by cold.

Cold cauſeth head-ach: ſome their health impair
That go bare-headed in the colder air.
The head, when it is felt, no heat contains,
The face is pale, the eyes do ſwell with pains.

Hot bathes are good; the oyle of rewe is ſure,
Rub'd on the fore-part of the head, to cure.

Of a Head-ach cauſed of a Plethory, or plenitude of blood.

All meats and drinks, that nouriſh much, do breed
The head-ach, if we plentifully feed,
And yet neglect bathes, ſweatings, vacuations,
Whereby the body wanteth operations;
The temple-veins do beat: the urin's red
And thick: ſad heavineſs diſtracts the head.
The face and eyes are red: the pulſe is great,
And with no little vehemence doth beat.

The patient muſt eſchew reare eggs and fleſh,
Cold herbs are good the ſpirits to refreſh.
To let him blood is good: all wine is bad,
Let him be alwayes merry, never ſad.

Of

Of Head-ach caus'd by the foul Stomack.

Sharp humors in the ſtomack oft abound,
And chiefly in its mouth: from whence are found
Foul vapours to aſcend: the ſick would fain
Vomit: he feels a ſharp and gnawing pain.

You muſt now things to the head apply.
To purge the ſtomack is the Remedy.

Of Head-ach by Drunkenneſs.

Hot wines, ſtrong drinks, with vapours fill the brain,
If that the brain be hot, the more's the pain.

A vomit's very good, then ſleep and reſt,
Amongſt all medicines this is counted beſt.

Of the Windineſs of the Stomack.

Phlegmatick humors we by reaſon find,
Oft in the ſtomack do ingender wind.
And ſometimes windineſs is caus'd by meat
Diſſolv'd to vapours through the want of heat.
They that are thus diſeas'd, do ſtretch, and ſwell,
The pain doth in the back and belly dwell.

If that the Patient's bound, a purge is good,
Which may expell the flegm, and cleanſe the blood.
Boyle grains in good ſtrong water, for I think
Againſt all wind this is an excellent drink.

The

The Yellow Faundes.

This ſickneſs ſtops the gaul or ſpleen with great
Combuſtion in the liver, and ſtrong heat.
A yellow colour of the skin and eyes,
With grief doth in the ſpleen and liver riſe.

The juyce of hore-hound will afford relief,
With thy own urine to expell this grief.
Turmerick and Honey, Saffron well compound
With Treacle, to make thy body ſound.
Or elſe the dung of Goats to powder beat,
And drink't three days, to render health compleat.

The Dropſie.

The Dropſie is a water bred within
Betwixt the bowels, and the tender skin,
Which claſps about them: which diſeaſe indeed
From coldneſs of the liver doth proceed.
The belly ſwells, the colour is not good,
The Patient is compel'd to loath his food.

With juyce of Plantain fill ſome pot; and bind
About the pot a linnen cloth: then find
And lay ſome aſhes on the cloth: the fire
It muſt abide, until the half expire.
Drink ſome each morn: This hath been known and ſeen
To cure the watriſh Dropſie, and the Spleen.

Of the Stone in the reins of the Bladder.

Some groſs and naughty humors putrifie
Within the bladder, which great heat doth dry.
Small gravel in the urine you may find,
Pains in the bladder to afflict the mind.

Anoint the yard with Fox-blood, and the ſtone
Will ſoon diſſolve: this is a practice known.
Nine Ivy berries in warm wine receive.
This drink the Patient never did deceive.
Beat Snails to powder: or few egg-ſhells dry'd,
Powder'd, and drunk, have bin thought good, and try'd.
Of Garlick ſeeth ſome ſeven heads, or more,
To break the ſtone, and perfect health reſtore.

The Strangury.

Ulcers within the Bladder this begets,
Or ſome Apoſtume, which the urine frets,
The urine at the yard will drop: and wiſh
You may with ſtrong deſire, but cannot piſs.

The Radiſh root in white wine ſeeth or ſteep,
If thou thy body from this grief wilt keep;
Some Filbirts ſtampt, and drunk, the grievous pains
Will cure, which in the bladder be, or reins.

The

The Gout.

Surfet and Drunkenneſs breeds this foul diſeaſe ;
And uſe of women doth the ſame increaſe,
Long ſtanding brings it too: and boyſtrous wayes
Of too much exerciſe, and youthful playes.
This doth great pains to joynts, and ſwellings bring,
In time of harveſt chiefly, and the Spring.

Some Plantain leaves being plaiſtred with freſh gre
Bring down the ſwollen gout, and grief appeaſe.
Figs, honey, bread, and alſo muſtard-ſeed
With vinegar compounded, help your need:
Pitch, Salt Armoniack mingle well, and ſtame,
'Tis excellent good to cure a grievous cramp.

The Ague called Ephymera, which endureth one day.

Unnatural heat the vital parts doth fret,
Which angers watching, drunkenneſs may beget.
A feveriſh heat it to the body ſends,
Which in a fainty ſweat or vapour ends.

For Agues take a vomit: or a quart
Of Sack will cure thee, and rejoice the heart.
To cure the heat, juyce of Cucumber's beſt,
With oyle of Roſes: ſmear the pulſe and breaſt

A continual Ague.

Abundance the foul body doth contain
Of humors putrifi'd in every vein.
The Patient ſuffers conſtant heat and pains,
And, till the fever ends, no reſpit gains.

Some

Some Colewort-leaves, with oil of Roſes take,
And for the ſtomack this a plaiſter make:
Drink in warm water the herb Pimpernel,
This cures a Fever, as Phyſicians tell.

The Carbuncle.

Groſs and hot blood reſiding in ſome place,
An Ulcer, or a painful Bile doth cauſe.

Rue, Nuts, and Honey ſtamp; this plaiſter will
Cure all Carbuncles, and Apoſtumes kill.

A Quartain Fever.

This Melancholy breeds; which putrified,
To divers parts of ſickly men doth ſlide:
The weary Patient two good days enjoys,
But on the third a ſore fit him annoys.

Take Rue-leaves, Pepper, Honey, mingle theſe,
The bigneſs of a Cheſ-nut will give eaſe:
Two hours before the fit, that compound give,
To cure the fever, nature to relieve.
Uſe Almond-milk in fevers; and all ſay
'Tis good to uſe ſweet clarified whay.

The Lethargy.

This ſickneſs, like ſome drowſie, heavy pain,
Fills with corrupted flegm and cold, the brain:
Such often ſleep; all wit and judgment's gone,
And they forget what they have ſpoke or done.

Uſe

Uſe Vinegar and Oil, Red Mint, and Rew
Unto the noſe, the ſpirits to renew:
Or you may burn the skin of any Hare,
The aſhes drunk with Calament is rare.

The Phrenſie.

Cholet the Phrenſie, and much blood maintains,
Heating the head, and filling up the brains:
A conſtant Fever frantick patients have,
They love to watch, and ſeldom reſt do crave:
When they awake, they uſe to rore and cry,
But can afford not any reaſon why.
If Blood's the cauſe, to laugh they will delight:
If Choler be the cauſe, they braul and fight.

With Plantan-juyce the temples firſt anoint,
A Cap of Terebentine wax I then appoint,
With womans milk: which wrapt about the head,
Will give the Patient reſt within his bed:
Let blood in that ſame vein, which, as I gueſs,
The middle of the forehead doth poſſeſs.

The Turn, or Dazeling in the head.

Some vap'rous Exhalations do ariſe
From the foul ſtomack, and the brains ſurpriſe:
The Patient thinketh, that all things go round,
And oftentimes he falleth to the ground.

The pith of Bread bak'd with Coriander ſeed
Laid to the head, is good to help thy need:
Take Opium, Saffron, Roſes, and all theſe
With Vinegar mix, which plaiſter bringeth eaſe.

Too much Watching.

Great ſtore of choler, dryneſs in the brain,
Doth watching cauſe, and wonted ſleep retain.

The ſeed of Muſtard bruis'd, laid to the head
Hot, cures the pains, and makes a quiet bed.
Some Poppy-juyce, and oil of Roſes take;
Theſe mixt, will make him ſleep, that keeps awake.

The Falling-Sickneſs.

Groſs, ſlimy humors do poſſeſs the brain,
The lively ſpirits no free paſſage gain:
The Patient at the mouth will foam, and fall
As if he dy'd, and loſt his ſenſes all.

Burn any dead man's ſkull, the aſhes take
In drink; this ſickneſs ſhall you ſoon forſake.
If you deſire to cure this evil, tye
About your neck the root of Piony.

The Pain in the Ears.

Who rides, or travels in cold ſtorms or wind,
Grief in the ears, and mighty pains ſhall find.
Hot Inflammations may the Ears withhold:
So the Diſeaſe proceeds from heat, or cold.

Stamp Emmets eggs, Earth-worms, and leaves of Rue
In oil; which ſtrain'd, the Hearing will renue:
The juyce of Onion will afford relief,
With Womans milk, and much aſſwage the grief.

But

But in hot cauſes, to procure ſome reſt,
Cold Lettice made in plaiſter, is the beſt.

The Fiſtula.

Corrupt, ſharp humors in ſome members ſhall
Cauſe a deep Ulcer, narrow, and hard withall.

Goats dung with honey mixt, the hollow place
Fill with the ſame; it cures in little ſpace.
Take this Receipt; Put Leaven in ſtrong Lye,
And to the Fiſtula the ſame apply.

The Scabs, Pox, and Leproſie.

Groſs, filthy humors, mixt with matter thin
And very ſharp, do theſe diſeaſes bring:
The hair will fall, and outward ſcabs appear;
The Patient's not from pain, or itching clear.

Take Oil, and Aloes, and unquenched Lime,
An ointment make to cure in little time:
Take oil of Bays, white Wax, white Frankincenſe,
Quick-ſilver mixt with ſpittle, Hogs fat cleanſe,
Bay-ſalt, and Plantain-juice: then mingle theſe,
To cure the Pox, the Scab, or Foul diſeaſe.

The Falling of the Hair.

Vicious and naughty humors do impair,
And quickly may corrupt the roots of hair:
If th'head wants moiſture, and the skin be rare,
The hair forſakes the head, and leaves it bare.

Burn ſome Goats dung; the aſhes will repair,
If it be mixt with oil, the falling hair.
Seeth Mallow-root in water; waſh thy head
In this againſt the ſcurff, and thou haſt ſped.

The Morphew.

The groſs and ſlimy blood becomes like cream,
And turns to Melancholick, and white Fleam.
If you'll diſcern this ſickneſs, notice take,
The skin is ſpotted like a various ſnake.

Sheeps liver newly kill'd, warm on the face,
Revives the colour, and all ſpots doth chaſe:
Anoint thy face all over with Bulls blood,
To make one fair it is held wondrous good.

The Tooth-ach.

Great ſtore of humors from the head do fall
Unto the gums; the pains are known to all.

Bruiſe the wild Poppy-ſeed, and put the meal
Within thy hollow tooth, thy grief to heal:
Stamp cloves of Garlick, tie them to thy arm,
Againſt the Tooth-ach 'tis a preſent charm:
With Crows dung fill the hollow tooth, and it
Will break the tooth, and eaſe thy grievous fit.

The Palſie. Paraliſis.

Foul and groſs humors to the ſinews flow,
The members neither ſenſe nor motion know.

The Patient with oyle benedict anoint,
Uſe ointments hot to ſupple every joint.
Take the Fox skin, apply it hot: the grief
It will aſſwage, and yield thee much relief.

The Squinacy.

Exceſs of filthy blood and choler float,
And draw unto the muſcles of the throat.
The Patient's mouth is open, eyes are red,
He cannot draw his breath, nor ſwallow bread.

A Dogs toord with Oak-apples plaiſter-wiſe,
Is for the throat the beſt you can deviſe.
In a new earthen pot old Swallows burn,
Honey and powder mix to ſerve your turn,
Then with a quill convey it down the throat,
It is a perfect cure, as divers note.
Freſh Hyſop boyl'd in vinegar, is good
To gargariſe, as I have underſtood.

Cough, or Hoarſneſs.

Cold humors to the wind-pipe dropping rain
Down from the head, which do the cough maintain.

Some roſted nuts with honey ſtampt, is ſure
A long continued cough to heal and cure:
If rume doth drop, and liver putrifie,
Unto the head, being ſhaven, this apply.
Some muſtard lay upon the ſhaven place,
The rume will dry within a little ſpace.

Pluriſie

Pluriſie.

From much hot blood this bad diſeaſe comes in,
Which hath recourſe unto the tender skin
About the ribs: the Patient muſt abide
Hard breathing, fever, pricking in the ſide.

To be let blood, I hold the ſafeſt way,
The danger may be great, if you delay.
It is conceived, that the herb of grace
Receiv'd in drink, will cure the grieved place.

Coſtiveneſs.

Too much, or want of exerciſe, will bind,
And we do certain meats reſtrictive find.

Steep Fullop in good white wine ever night.
This drink will looſe, and make digeſtion light.
Sod Mallow roots, and ſtampt with old hogs greace,
And Bran laid to the Navil, will give eaſe.
Stamp ſodden Savine with hogs greace, and then
Anoint the Navil, to cure coſtive men.

The Flux.

Exceſs of cold, or too much fruit to eat,
Begets a Flux, ſo doth exceſs of heat.

A Dog that eateth bones, will give thee a toord
To bind the belly, take it on my word.
Coriander ſeed being drunk, and acorns bind,
Reſtrictive vertue in old Cheeſe we find.

Cowes milk with Iron ſodden, or a ſtone,
Is for the Flux the trueſt Phyſick known.

The Cholick.

Some groſs and ſlimy humors, or the wind
Contained in the guts, the cauſe we find.
Meats raw, and meats corrupt, but chiefly fat,
And cold drink after heat engender that.
The Cholick in the belly cauſeth pain
With griefs: the Patient doth his meat diſdain.

Take grains, and beat them ſmall, then boyle them well
In Aqua vitæ, wind if you'l expell,
Old dung of beaſts with frying oyle apply
Vnto your ſide, all pains to mortifie:
March *Mallows boyl'd in water three dayes,*
Grief in the bowels without doubt allayes.

The Worms in the Belly.

Corrupted fleam doth in the bowels ſeat;
Pains vex the belly, and deſire to eat.

Boyle Garlick in your milk, which you muſt drink
Or elſe ſome Brimſtone: both will cure, I think.
But Aloes Cicatrina, is the beſt
To kill the Worms, and give the Patient reſt.

The Hemerrhoides.

The liver doth contain unwholſome blood,
And Melancholick, which is never good

Of

Of this diſeaſe if you the Symptomes need,
The fundamental veins break forth and bleed.

Ceruſe, burnt Lead, and Oyle of Roſes take
With yolks of roſted eggs; a plaiſter make:
The ſeed of Aniſe burnt with honey, lay
Unto the grief, the Flux, and pain to ſtay.

The Oppilation of the Liver.

There ſome Apoſtume, or bad humors bide,
The face ill-colour'd, pains in the right ſide.

Savery, and Aniſe, Sage, and Fennel take
With Goats dung: of theſe mixt a plaiſter make;
Then Agarick, Sence, and Vermilion give
To ope the pipes, and Nature to relieve.

The Inflation of the Cods.

Humors deriv'd from too much cold or heat,
Fall to the Cods, and cauſe inflations great.

Goats dung diſſolv'd with Wine, will take away
The ſwelling of the Cods, and pains allay.
The Juyce of Wallwort, common oyle, bean flowers
Theſe temper well: they have an active power.

The Mother.

Exceſs of humors ſtop the flowers: the ſeed
Within the Matrix may corruption breed.

Cramps in the legs, and weakneſs in the feet,
Pale colour, ſadneſs in the Patient meet.

In ſtrong hot Wine, Cloves, Garlick, Treacle take,
The Moder then the Patient will forſake.
Rue ſod in oyle, and ſtampt, will ſoon relieve,
With Hen, and Gooſe-greaſe, where the ſore doth grieve.

The ſwelling of the Paps.

Hot blood, and alſo hardned blood maintains
The ſwellings in the Paps, and grievous pains.

Take Mallows ſtampt, and hot, if breaſts do ſwell
With common oyle; this plaiſter makes them well
If there be hollow ulcers in the breaſt,
Goats dung with honey, I eſteem the beſt.
Uſe Brimſtone ſtampt with Wine, a plaiſter make,
All hardneſs will the painful breaſts forſake.

The Conſumption.

Foul humors do deſcend: thin and ſharp rume
Fall from the head, and doth the Lungs conſume.
Short cough, ſhort breath, and faintneſs, never ceaſe
To be companions of this ſad diſeaſe.

Uſe for thy conſtant drink, ſtrong, pleaſant Ale
Warm'd by the fire, which ſhall thy ſtrength recall.
Reſort to merry men, that love thee well,
And pray to God all diſcontents t' expell.
I know more cures for it; but I proteſt,
Amongſt them all I cenſure this the beſt.

Warts.

Warts.

All Warts, as I have rightly underſtood,
Proceed from groſs and melancholick blood.

Arſnick on Warts with vinegar apply'd,
Conſume them all: this hath been often try'd.
The rind of Sallow burnt, and temper'd well
With Vinegar, all Warts and Scabs expell.

For the Bleeding at the Noſe.

The bleeding of the Noſe from heat doth flow,
From too much blood, and ſometimes from a blow.

The Herb of Grace put to the noſe, is good
To ſtop, and ſafely to reſtrain the blood.
Blood burnt to powder, blown into the noſe,
Doth ſtanch the flowing blood, and wounds doth cloſe.
Burn Frog or Toad; the aſhes then apply
Unto the place which bleeds: This vertue try.

Of the Pains in the Lights.

Rheume, heat and dryneſs, on ſalt meats to feed,
Or drinking too much wine, this pain doth breed:
Pains in the left ſide, ſhortneſs of the wind,
And cough to follow this diſeaſe we find.

Take gum Arabick, Dragant, Frankincenſe,
Make pills with Honey, and with theſe diſpenſe.

Against great desire to Fleshly lust.

The use of active wine, delicious meat,
Inflames the mind with Cupidineous heat,

Camphire dissolve in oil; this ointment may
Rubb'd on the yard, all lustful actions stay.

Against spitting of Blood.

This from some bruise, or from a broken vein
Proceeds, as best Physitians do maintain.

Seeth some dry Figs fill'd up with Mustard seed,
In white-wine, and at night on those figs feed:
And drink the Wine; for this will mundifie,
And from the stoppage of the Liver free.

To draw out Thorns or Splinters, or any thing which sticketh in the body.

Some Sothern-wood compound with wholsom grease,
To draw out thorns or iron, if you please.

The pain in Child-birth.

Give Mirrh to drink in wine a little warm,
Big as a nut, this will prevent much harm.
The juyce of Parsly in some drink is good,
To cleanse the Matrix, and to purge the blood.

Certain

Certain Rules to know the disposition of the Body by the Urine or Complexion.

THe sight of Urine and Complexion, shews
Where each Disease is seated, whence it flows.
Into four parts the the Urine we divide,
Which do our reason and our judgment guide.
The first the Circle is, which floats above;
By this, what pains lie in the Head, we prove.
The second part under this Circle lies,
The pain of Breast and Lungs which signifies.
And the third part the middle doth possess,
Which doth the Stomach, Liver, Milt express.
The fourth part is the bottom, which doth tell
What pains in Kidnies, Guts, and Bladder dwell.
When any of these four parts mixed be
With other matters by contingencie;
We then perceive wherein the chiefest harm
Or grief consists: We use the Urine warm,
Or fresh the morning. 'Tis a rule for all,
Safely to close, or stop the Urinal:
The Urine else will thicken and divide,
And must again by fire be rectifi'd.

When th'Urine's red, and thick, 'tis understood
The Patient's body's hot, and full of blood:
The best Physitians wisely do relate,
And his complexion *Sanguine* nominate.

When th'Urines red, and thin ſeems to the eye,
The Patient's body is both hot and dry:
We *Cholerick* do this complexion call,
Whoſe foul diſeaſe proceedeth from the gall:
When th'Urine's white and thick, I truly hold
The Patient is by nature moiſt and cold:
He's *Flegmatick*; for we by reaſon know,
From watry humors his diſeaſes flow.
But when the Urine is both thin, and white,
The Patient's cold and dry; and takes delight
In no companion; but his conſtant folly
Doth make him ſubject unto *Melancholy*:
His blood by nature like the earth is dull,
His face is pale, his heart of ſadneſs full.
When the Urine yellow, like the pureſt gold,
Digeſtion's good, and perfect then we hold.
If th'Urine doth like watry blood appear,
Or elſe like Saffron, or the flames of fire;
Theſe colours in ſick bodies do foretell
Heat in the Liver, and hot Fevers dwell:
But that burnt moiſture ſhews, which like red wine,
Or red earth doth to heavineſs incline.
When th'Urine looks like Aſhes, or like Lead,
Some grievous ſickneſs in the body's bred.
A deadly ſickneſs I did oft foreſee
By Urine, which is black as coal may be:
Black Urine doth proceed, as I preſume,
From burning heat, which nature doth conſume:
Black Urine ſhews the Milt is ſtopt, and then
The Yellow-Jaundiſe will endanger men.
The Urine pale, wherein white ſands we ſpy,
Doth in the Bladder the Stone ſignifie.
When th'Urines thick and fat, but red the ſand,
The cruel Stone the Kidnies doth command.
When th' Urine's pale, with ſcum and ſome, we find
The head is moiſt, the belly full of wind.

Urine like milk, which comes but little out,
Foreſhews the ſickneſs which we call the gout.
When th'Urine's ſubtile, or like water thin,
Pains in the Milt, or Dropſie may begin.
The Urine red, with pibbles or with bells,
Upon the breaſt ſome foul Impoſthume tells:
The Urine, which is in hot Fevers green,
Deadly by reaſon of too much heat hath been.
If th'Urine looks like Lead, when that a dry
Conſumption holds the Patient, he will die.
When that a ſwimming cloud is found or known
In womans Urine driving up and down,
And mixt with ſhells; this ſymptom ne'r beguil'd,
But plainly ſhews, that woman is with child.

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